

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 10, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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ANOTHER GOOD STEER FROM A TILT-WHEEL USER



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instead of sliding out.
That's why I've ordered it on
my last three Blazers.*

*David S. Cooper
Blomfistal Hills, Mich.*

Mr. Cooper is a sportsman who takes long trips into hunting country. That's why he owns a Chevrolet Blazer and also why he insists on having Tilt-Wheel Steering.

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THE EQUALIZER



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Albert Weiss

SUPER BOWL XI is Super Bowl IV for the Minnesota Vikings and Super Bowl II for the Oakland Raiders, two teams that have never won pro football's big game. Dan Jenkins is perched in the press box in Pasadena.

NOT JUST ANOTHER pretty face, the Marlboro Man turns out to be no male model but a gen-u-wine cowboy. As Mason Smith discovers, Darrell Winfield didn't come to Where the Flavor Is, he was there all along.

[illegible]

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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By conventional standards, Marvin Smith, whose story on winter deer hunting, *Without Elegance, After So Much Desiring*, begins on page 98, would be considered an eccentric, a reputation for which many writers immoderately yearn. But Smith, whose chief "peculiarity" is that he lives happily on a rented farm 300 miles north of Manhattan and, therefore, is considered by some friends and editors a recluse—even a hermit—gladly defers to his colleagues on the eccentricity question. He does not consider himself peculiar, and he does not understand why other people should see him that way.

Smith lives in a wooded area near Nicholville, N.Y. (pop. 500) with his wife Ann and their sons Haze, Sean and Reuben. Though he has a furnace in his farmhouse, he prefers to chop his own logs and heat the place solely

fishing companion, and he believes that Tim (as Smith prefers to be called) is an anachronism, albeit a gifted one. "He's not professionally old-fashioned," says McGuire. "With Tim, it's not an affection. He just happens to think that the things he's interested in were done better 100 years ago than today."

McGuire says Smith practices another craft or art that has largely gone out of fashion. "He spends an inordinate amount of time just thinking," says McGuire. "I've never seen anyone who can sit and just think as long as Tim can."

Smith, who is 40 and at work on his second novel, finds the simple life well suited to his writing habits. It also affords him an opportunity to watch his children grow up. "I was raised around Nicholville," he says, "and though I've tried to live in other parts of the country, I keep coming back to this godforsaken place. I got infected with a love of simple things here, and I think my rejection of a lot of things about modern life is a result of that."

Smith has constructed several reproductions of a 19th-century wooden lapstrake canoe designed by master craftsman J. Henry Rushon, whose boats are considered among the best handcrafted canoes ever built. Last year Smith put a canoe on consignment with Abercrombie & Fitch in New York, then sat back to see how long it would take a connoisseur of real craftsmanship to snap it up.

"I spent the entire winter on display on the store's eighth floor," says Smith. "Finally I decided to take it back, but the store was in some financial difficulty and was evidently under court order not to let go of anything of potential value to its creditors. I threatened to walk out with it on my back, and when they saw that I was serious, they offered to let me 'buy' it back from them for \$1 in damaged goods. I took the bait, but I refused to pay the dollar."

That's not eccentricity; it's principle.

Sack Meyer



SMITH AND HIS SOLE SOURCE OF HEAT

with two wood-burning stoves. He is an accomplished banjo player, was once a professional cabinetmaker and for a while taught writing and English at the University of California, Santa Cruz. And though he is not a trained mechanic, he insists on repairing his car himself, because he believes that "people should know something about the most important artifact of this century."

SI Special Contributor and Novelist Thomas McGuire (*Ninety-Two in the Shade*) is Smith's friend and occasional

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

NATIONAL BIRD

Two men were being sought last week in eastern Long Island for shooting a bald eagle. Ornithologists say fewer than 100 of the rare birds still live in the northeastern part of the country, and there are stringent laws for their protection. The men could receive sentences of a year in jail and \$5,000 in fines.

The Long Island eagle killing was apparently an isolated wanton act, but elsewhere, notably in Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas, hunting eagles for their feathers is part of a thriving black-market business. An undercover agent for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service says that in one instance he bought seven pairs of eagle wings for \$302.82, a transaction so businesslike that the price included sales tax. He bought the wings in Ontario, where he was told they were part of a shipment of 29 sets of eagle wings that had come in from South Dakota. The dealer said eagle tails were going to a New York buyer for \$30 each.

Buyers include Boy Scout leaders—apparently unaware that the feathers come from eagles—who use them for Indian headdresses in scout ceremonies. Items fashioned from eagle feathers are sold in curio shops in many parts of the West. Indian war bonnets, which require tail feathers from a dozen eagles or more, sell for prices ranging from \$350 to \$10,000, depending on size and quality. One war-bonnet maker in Montana says he sells as many as 10 a day to dealers at auctions in California.

The look of eagles, indeed.

RATING GAME

You can talk all you want about ratings and TV criticism and who is a good sports announcer and who is a bad one, but the truth is, there is no clear, unquestioned standard of measurement. One man's Meredith is another man's Parseghian. The Touchdown Club of New York, a group of football devotees that includes coaches and athletic directors, as well as plain old fans, asked its mem-

bership to rate TV football broadcasters. More than 150 members responded. Their favorite announcer turned out to be Pat Summerall, with Chris Schenkel second. Keith Jackson and Lindsey Nelson were tied for third. Others in the top 10, in order, were Curt Gowdy, Frank Gifford, Bud Wilkinson, Tom Brookshier, Jim Simpson and Don Meredith.

For the record, Alex Karras finished 16th, Howard Cosell 17th. But what does the Touchdown Club know?

FAREWELL ADDRESS

During one of his famous salary wars with the New York Yankees in the 1920s, Babe Ruth, defending his decision to hold out for what was then an enormous amount of money, argued that no man who works for another is going to be paid more than he's worth.

Apparently the baseball owners who paid big money to free agents these past several weeks tacitly agree with Ruthian economics, but not all their associates do. In a talk with Bob Maisel of the Baltimore Sun, a man presumed to be Joseph Iglehart (Maisel did not identify him), a part owner of the Yankees, said he had decided to sell his stock and get out of baseball.

"I just can't tolerate what is going on in sports today," he said. "I didn't go into baseball to make money, but I don't mean that I want to lose any, either. If I had taken the same amount and invested it at a fixed rate of interest, I'd have been better off financially. I made my money doing other things, and being part of baseball was my fun. Now, even though we're winning, it isn't fun anymore."

"Back when this free-agent business first started, I expressed my views about it at a meeting of our partners. Our management chose not to follow my advice. I just don't feel right being a part of what we have done."

"I'm not all sure some of these clubs haven't gone out and bought themselves trouble. I don't think Reggie Jackson was

the greatest team man in the world with the Orioles last year, and he isn't likely to change with the Yankees, no matter how much they pay him.

"Anyway, I've made up my mind. I'm selling. There's nothing I like better than to see a team like the Orioles have a good, scrapping club next year, while some of these organizations that have thrown money around far beyond the realm of reason fall flat on their faces. Somebody has to put some sense, some perspective back into baseball."

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

Shakespeare the sportsman is back, courtesy of Edward Murphy, his literary agent. This time the Bard is commenting on skiing:

"The icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind." *As You Like It*.

"My very lips . . . freeze to my teeth." *The Taming of the Shrew*.

"Art cold? I am cold myself." *King Lear*.

"As cold as I had swallowed snowballs." *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.



"Nay, you must not freeze; two women placed together makes cold weather." *Henry VIII*.

"Where are the . . . beginners . . . ?" *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw." *Penciles*.

"Speed thee straight, and make . . . thy turn." *Coriolanus*.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this. The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips." *Venus and Adonis*.

continued

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SCORECARD continued

"...dost thou fall upon thy face?" Romeo and Juliet.

"Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are meens the happier to sense." Cymbeline.

"You are ... much advanced." Twelfth Night.

"I spied an ... angel coming down the hill." The Taming of the Shrew.

"She can turn and turn, and yet go on, and turn again." Othello.

"... was carried with more speed before the wind." The Comedy of Errors.

"Tremblingly she stood and on the sudden dropp'd." Antony and Cleopatra.

"Then slip I ... down topples she." A Midsummer Night's Dream.

"I am sorry one so learned ... should slip so grossly." Measure for Measure.

"What, art thou lame?" Henry VI, Part 2.

"I will visit thee at the lodge." Love's Labour's Lost.

"Pull off my boots; harder, harder" King Lear.

"They sit conferring by the ... fire." The Taming of the Shrew.

GLASS COURTS

Are you going to believe this? An item in London's Sunday Times says that the Russians are playing tennis on ice, with the players using ice skates, an orange ball and conventional rackets. Sounds like one game they really did invent.

GEORGE ON SARDINES

People who leap into new diets and esoteric foods guaranteed to ensure health have been taking a flyer recently on sardines—people beyond a certain age, that is, because a diet heavy in sardines supposedly gets rid of wrinkles. After Mike Royko, the Chicago Daily News columnist, did a piece on this magical property of the aromatic little fish he received a phone call from 81-year-old George Halas, the vigorous, opinionated owner of the Chicago Bears.

"I just read that you're going on that sardine diet," said Halas. "Don't do it."

"Why not?" asked Royko.

"It's no good."

"How do you know?"

"I tried it," Halas said. "I ate sardines for breakfast every morning for four days. It was terrible."

His ankles swelled, Halas related, his lungs became congested and he felt bloated. His doctor advised him to lay off the

sardines. The doctor also prescribed pills to rid his body of excess fluid.

Halas and other critics of the sardine diet say that while eating the fish in great quantities helps get rid of wrinkles, it is because the body retains so much liquid "that your wrinkles pop open."

"That's what the sardines do to you," Halas told Royko. "You store up too much fluid. After the doctor gave me those pills, I was running to the wash-room every 10 minutes."

Fifteen minutes after Halas phoned, another man called, obviously someone in Halas' age bracket. He asked Mike for the name of the book that described the sardine diet. Royko told the caller what Halas had said about his experience with sardines. In Chicago the Halas name sometimes evokes reverence, sometimes not. This was a not.

"It made Halas sick?" the caller asked.

"That's right."

"Good?" he chuckled, and hung up.

COMING UP SHORT

Bobby Kilgore, a senior who plays basketball for Central High in Omaha, has been getting letters and phone calls from college basketball coaches in all parts of the country asking him if he wouldn't like to pursue his higher education on their campuses, and maybe play a little basketball on the side. Kilgore, a good but not sensational high school player, might have been impressed by all the attention—he had invitations to visit Mississippi State, Southern Methodist, Iowa, Tulsa, Weber State and Montana, among others—if it hadn't been for that typographical error.

Kilgore played in an Omaha high school holiday basketball tournament last winter, and the program listed his height as 6' 11½". One of those sports newsletters that disseminates recruiting information to college coaches pounced on that vital statistic. "They had a list of the 40 tallest players in the nation," Kilgore says, "I was No. 4."

He is also 6' 1½", or 10 inches shy of his published height. For this reason Bobby has declined to accept any of the invitations. "I don't want to shock them," he says.

HIGHER-PRICED SPREADS

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were, who was there when it counted, which teams won bets for their supporters, with or against the points. It's all very well for Oakland to brag that it won 13 of 14 games, but for a loyal fan betting the Raiders every week it was closer to a .500 year—eight bets won, six lost. The Vikings weren't that good, a Minnesota better breaking precisely even so far as the point spread was concerned—six wins, six losses, two ties. The champs? In the NFC it was the Bears, 7-7 in league play but 10-4 vs. the spread. In the AFC the Colts and the Steelers, both division champions, were betting champs, too, at 10-4.

The worst team to back in the entire NFL was Buffalo, losers to the points 11 times in 14 games. Tampa Bay was almost as bad, beating the points three times, losing 10, tying once.

The standings against the spread

NFC	AFC
East	East
Giants 8-6	Colts 10-4
Redskins 8-6	Patriots 9-5
Cowboys 6-7-1	Jets 6-8
Cardinals 6-8	Dolphins 5-9
Eagles 6-8	Bills 3-11
Central	Central
Bears 10-4	Steelers 10-4
Lions 8-5-1	Bengals 7-6-1
Vikings 6-6-2	Browns 7-7
Packers 6-7-1	Oilers 7-7
West	West
Rams 8-6	Chiefs 8-6
49ers 6-7-1	Raiders 8-6
Saints 6-8	Broncos 7-7
Seahawks 5-7-2	Chargers 7-7
Falcons 5-9	Buccaneers 3-10-1

The best division to bet on was the NFC Central, its teams were 30-22-4. Worst was the NFC West.

THEY SAID IT

- Harry Walker, former major league baseball player and manager, on his reaction when he was given a \$2,500 bonus to sign with the St. Louis Cardinals in 1939: "I felt like one of those instant millionaires."
- Jim Ard, Boston Celtic center: "If I'm going to play against Abdul-Jabbar, I'd like to have a month's notice."
- Mrs. Pat Coleman, Maryland boxing trainer: "I'm going to be famous one day. Sports is a shortcut to fame. Look at them: Chris Everts and Billie Jean Kings getting to do all them commercials. That's what I want to be."

END

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The 1977 Dodge Aspen Special Edition Station Wagon and the Plymouth Volant Premier 4-door Sedan at the entrance to LaQuinta Country Club in Palm Springs, California. This will be the site of the final televised round of the 1977 Bob Hope Desert Classic to be attended by the winning entry from our next Chrysler Leasing Society Contest.



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Tony Dorsett was the general, but Pitt had an army of heroes—Cavanaugh, Romano, Jones, Walker—as it wrapped up the national title, bulldozing the Bulldogs in a manner that was hardly civil

by John Underwood



The last time the University of Pittsburgh won a national football championship was in 1937, when Jock Sutherland was the coach. The backbone of Sutherland's offense was the off-tackle play, on which he could (and did) lecture for hours. Sutherland was the Woody Hayes of his time, a giant among conservatives. He could (and did) bust up crap games among his players with a sweep of his hand. He would not waste a penny on a parking meter if he could safely double park, and once, fearing alien contamination, he ordered bottled water for a trip to the Rose Bowl.

When you have pointed out that the current Pittsburgh team has now won a national championship, too, you have exhausted all there is in common between Sutherland and Johnny Majors, a reformed single-wing halfback from Tennessee who has coached the Panthers for the last four years. Majors is a remarkable young (41) man who has been called



A Georgian view of the catastrophe: Dorsett going right, Dorsett cutting left and (gulp!) Dorsett coming straight ahead, picking up his usual 200-plus yards

a lot of nice things lately, but conservative is not one of them. Last week in New Orleans hidebound scribes were calling him—in candied phrases—crazy. They were horrified that Majors could treat his players like men and get away with it.

Majors had seen fit to loose the Panthers on Bourbon Street without bottled water. They were allowed to roam the French Quarter and Fat City in their blue and gold jackets, and have their pictures taken in Confederate uniforms, and sample the strip joints and jazz bars and disco huts. Heisman Trophy Winner Tony Dorsett was seen holding court for a rowdy crowd of Georgia fans outside the Nobody Likes A Smart Ass Bar at 1 a.m. Majors said he wasn't surprised; he said bowl games were supposed to be fun, too. He seemed to have a difficult time remembering what his curfew was or if there was one. "Late," he said. "But earlier tonight." At Al Hirt's place, a Sugar

continued



Bowl chaperon instructed the waiters to serve the Panther team Cokes. Majors said nuts to that. "Give 'em what they want," he ordered. Hirt said Pittsburgh was his kind of team.

If this seemed like heresy to those who had been brought up to believe in Hayes and Bo Schembechler, it was also interpreted as *l'élève-à-faire*. Majors was only a game from completing a giddy ride to the top at Pitt, a transi-con (from 1-10 in 1972) unparalleled in recent years in college football, to go home to coach his alma mater in Knoxville. Majors' efforts to explain the logic of his policies had to be repeated over and over: "I've had this team four years. I've watched them grow up. There were times when I had to lock the door and throw away the key, but not now. They're men now."

Indeed they are, and bigger and better men perhaps than we all realized. Before 76,117 fans in the Sugar Bowl—actually the grand and gaudy Louisiana Superdome—and with at least one good night's sleep to play on (even "I-love-a-good-time" Dorsett made the Friday curfew, a 10 p.m.-er), the Panthers saved their best for last. They marched through Georgia's Bulldogs with breathtaking ease, winning 27-3 to complete their first perfect (12-0) season in 58 years, and they did it with as artful a blend of offense and defense as any air-conditioned fan could ever hope to see. The old Jock Sutherland off-tackle play was probably in there somewhere, tucked among the buttons and bows of Majors' stylish offense, but Jock would have had knots in his tongue trying to describe it.

What has been continually lost in the blur of the incredible ascent of Pitt under Majors is the fact that this is not just a good team, it is a splendid one, splendidly coached. It is no longer valid to say, "Well, would they have been able to handle USC for Michigan or Houston, etc.?" It is more appropriate to wonder if USC could handle Pitt. Majors allowed himself the pleasure of raising a forefinger on his team's behalf—the first time he had acknowledged the No. 1 designation—after the game, and wondered what more they could have done. The Panthers had routed Notre Dame in their opener and polished off Penn State in the last regular-season game and now had soundly defeated the best team in the Southeastern Conference. "It has

been an unbelievable four years," Majors told his team afterward. "I don't know if I'll ever have this experience again." (He said he hadn't mentioned the pain of his leaving before then, thinking such an appeal "would be corny.")

Georgia Coach Vince Dooley hadn't exactly looked forward to the experience of playing Pitt. "The one thing we cannot do is leave our defense on the field too long," he fretted on New Year's Eve. Dooley was sitting by the window of his ice-blue 27th-floor suite at the Hyatt Regency, rubbing his shaved head. To demonstrate his appreciation for the fact that his Bulldogs had achieved so much with so little—"It's the most dedicated team I've ever been around"—Dooley had joined other Georgia coaches and players in submitting to instant baldness as a token of solidarity. He had, however, purchased a fancy wig from New York to pop on when guests dropped in.

Through the picture window, the Superdome looked like a giant space ship. Dooley said it "scared" him to think what Dorsett and the Pitt quarterback, Matt Cavanaugh (see cover), would do if his own offense did not control the ball. "If we can't keep the ball away from Dorsett, the second half could be a long one."

The record will show that Cavanaugh and Dorsett were all that Dooley feared they would be, and did all that Dooley feared they would do. Except they did most of it in the first half. Cavanaugh, voted the game's most valuable player, led Pitt to a 21-0 advantage at halftime and wound up passing for 192 yards and one touchdown and running for a second. Dorsett set a Sugar Bowl record of 202 yards on 32 carries. He had promised the hattering Georgia fans outside that bar that they were "going to see some dog food, all right—some fast dog food."

But Dorsett and Cavanaugh were more the beneficiaries of the key factor in Pitt's overwhelming victory than the key itself. It was the Pittsburgh defense that ruined Georgia. In concept and execution, the defense laid out by Majors and Defensive Coordinator Bobby Roper stole the show—and made it almost boring.

As Dooley had feared, the smallest Bulldog defensive forwards were kept on the field too long. Until Pitt had stretched its lead to 21-0 late in the second quarter, the Georgia offense choked on its



own exhaust. It never had the ball more than 2½ minutes at a time. It was unable to put first downs back to back. It failed consistently to make a strong opening statement, gaining only 17 yards on 13 first-down plays in the first half. Twice on first down it had passes intercepted, and four times threw incomplete. It was suffocation—181 net yards—for a Bulldog offense that had averaged 367 yards a game. How did it happen?

Roper said the wheels were put in motion on the second day of Sugar Bowl preparation, a plan so simple that the team might lose interest in it if it were practiced too much. The coaches determined, he said, that the way to stop Georgia was to stop Quarterback Ray Goff's option runs and pitches off the Veer, the SEC's most prolific rushing offense. And the best way to do that was to blunt the cutting edge—the blocking leads of All-America Guard Joel (Cowboy) Parrish. Parrish ordinarily pulls to lead the op-



Linebacker Jimbo Cramer holds the ball aloft after picking off one of four Panther interceptions.

tion, but from the start he found he could not because, instead of the customary five-man front, Pitt had gone to a six on running downs. (When Goff is the quarterback, most Georgia downs are running downs. As a high schooler he once threw 36 passes in a game, but at Georgia he has never passed more than five times.) All-America Middle Guard Al Romano slid over to one side of Parrish, and Dave Logan, Pitt's sixth lineman, was positioned to the other side. Thus, if Parrish pulled to lead the option, Romano or Logan was free to break past the Georgia center and run down the play from behind. The Panther ends, Ed Wilamowski and Cecil Johnson, and Linebackers Arnie Weatherington and James Cramer consistently jammed the option when it reached the corners, reading off a key Roper had picked up in films. Romano and Tackles Randy Holloway and Don Parrish shut off the Georgia dive plays that usually succeed when the op-

tion is going well. The proud Georgia rushing attack was held to 135 yards, most of those Goff runs that were supposed to be passes.

Meanwhile, Cavanaugh was able to do things to Georgia's three-deep secondary that Georgia could not do to Pitt's. Goff and substitutes Matt Robinson and Tony Flanagan had abysmal stats: more interceptions (four) than completions (three). The Georgia secondary was not nearly so effective. Swarming to stop Dorsett—they held him to 34 yards in his first 14 carries, and 16 of those were off a sprint draw—the Bulldogs sacrificed double coverage in the secondary. Their defenders could not handle Pitt's receivers one-on-one, especially with Cavanaugh out there throwing strikes.

Cavanaugh is Dorsett's socio-physio opposite at Pitt. The office secretaries flip over his shy good looks and boyish diffidence, says Publicist Dean Billick, and his teammates refer to him as "the Kid."

But the Kid is a 6' 2", 210-pound specimen athlete whose ability to loosen up the rest of the Pitt offense invariably makes Dorsett's way easier as a game wears on, as he did against Georgia.

On Pitt's second possession of the game, Cavanaugh whisked the Panthers 80 yards in 12 plays to what might just as well have been the game's only touchdown. With Georgia overly aggressive—"It was their only way," said Majors, "because we were stronger physically"—in its pursuit of Dorsett (he got only 10 of the 80 yards), Cavanaugh started firing first a 12-yarder to Split End Gordon Jones at midfield; then, on a five-man flood pattern, a bull's-eye to Fullback Elliott Walker by himself in the middle underneath the coverage. Walker was not the primary receiver, but what did he care? He was on the Bulldogs' 10 before they noticed. Two plays later Cavanaugh ducked inside the pursuit on an option left to score.

Midway through the second quarter, Cavanaugh cranked up again. From his 26 he passed to Willie Taylor for 15 yards. Then, off the option as he came down the line, he rose up to hit Jones slanting in toward the exposed underbelly of the Georgia secondary. Jones did numbers on two Bulldog defenders, broke free and scored, the play covering 59 yards. A Dorsett touchdown of 11 yards sealed Georgia's fate with two minutes to play in the half. The teams had a field-kicking contest after that. Pitt won that, too—two to one, the first set up by Dorsett's 67-yard burst.

Majors, still being pressed to defend his liberal player-relations policies, was asked after the game if this was not just a victory for the national championship, but a triumph for hedonism as well. He said, axiomatically, that "championship teams always rise to the occasion," no matter what that occasion might be, and after billeting the team for seven days in Biloxi, Miss., en route, he knew better than to not let them rise in New Orleans.

Pitt Tight End Jim Corbett said that his teammates were actually more inhibited in New Orleans than they had been before beating Kansas in the Sun Bowl last year. Corbett said it was harder to get to bed early in El Paso because a fellow could buy a good bottle of tequila in Juarez for \$1.50.

CONTINUED

THE TROJANS WIN AN OLD WAR

by Joe Jares

John Robinson and John Madden, head coaches respectively of the USC Trojans and Oakland Raiders, have been buddies since the fifth grade at Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Daly City, near San Francisco. Robinson was best man at Madden's wedding and was a Raiders assistant in 1975 before landing the USC job. Last winter the two old pals fantasized about leading their teams to victories in Pasadena's giant, 55-year-old stadium—USC in the Rose Bowl game Jan. 1, Oakland in the Super Bowl eight days later.

Madden gets his chance this Sunday against Minnesota, but we can already chalk one up for fantasies and Our Lady's alumni association. Robinson's Trojans defeated Michigan 14-6, thus finishing the season with an 11-1 record and, no doubt, the No. 2 ranking behind Pittsburgh in every poll. Except one. The Trojans took an informal and, naturally, impartial count of their own in the locker room and unanimously voted themselves the national title.

Michigan did not argue, because USC's win was indeed impressive, not the least because it came without All-America Tailback Ricky Bell, who was stunned on his fourth carry of the game and woefully left the field, never to return. He was replaced by Charles White, who rushed for 122 yards, only 33 less than the entire Michigan backfield. It was impressive, too, because Fullback Mossi Tatupu and the offensive line blocked well, because Quarterback Vince Evans threw 27- and 30-yard strikes in clutch situations and because the defense held Michigan to 217 yards and 33 points below its average.

The Wolverines arrived in Pasadena leading the nation in total offense, rushing offense and scoring. But they left exposed as just another tough, solid, upstanding Big Ten football team without a passing attack. "A one-dimension offense," said USC alumnus O. J. Simpson. "They came in with the No. 1 offense in the nation and scored six points."

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler had patiently and politely argued that his team could too pass. He had pointed out that Wingback Jim Smith was one of the

most dangerous receivers around, that Quarterback Rick Leach was a fine athlete, that, yes, Michigan averaged only nine passes a game but those precious few aeriels often went for scores or big gains. All true. The trouble was that those big gains—and indeed most of the offensive glitter—usually came when the Wolverines had comfy leads against the likes of Navy, Wake Forest and Northwestern and sophomore Leach was under little pressure. Smith had caught 24 passes during the season, but Split End Curt Stephenson had caught only one.

One day last week USC Defensive Backfield Coach Bob Toledo came out of the film room excitedly claiming he had "spotted their tendency. Now we know when they're going to pass."

"How?" asked a gullible cohort.

"Every time they are going to pass," said Toledo. "Smith does a cartwheel when they break the huddle."

There might not have been much passing or cartwheeling by either side if it had rained as it did the two preceding days, but the rain stopped and the Rose Bowl, nestled down in the Arroyo Seco, was its usual beautiful self for 106,182 in-person spectators and a national TV audience. Even though Pitt had clinched No. 1 earlier in the day, taking an edge off the USC-Michigan game, it still figured to be an entertaining battle between two schools steeped in football tradition and sporting two of the roughest college fight songs, *Fight On!* (USC) and *The Victors* (Michigan).

Nobody appreciated all the hoopla more than Robinson, who, when asked why he had returned to USC (where he had been an assistant under John McKay), said, "I really missed the Trojan horse. The horse, the band and all those song girls..."

One of the nifty aspects of the game was to be the running duel between Bell and Michigan's All-America tailback, Rob Lytle. That evaporated in a hurry. Lytle, fast and difficult to stop, did well in the first half, but Bell was out of action before some fans were settled in their seats. The stars turned out to be Michigan Defensive End Dom Tedesco and Linebacker Calvin O'Neal, and Trojans



White is nailed as he vaults into end zone

White and Evans. Evans was named player of the game, the 17th Trojan so honored since 1923 and the ninth Trojan quarterback to win the award.

O. J. Simpson didn't dispute the selection of Evans, but he couldn't help gushing about White's future. "Me, Anthony Davis, Ricky—I think he may erase all our names, especially with Tatupu blocking for him next year, and you know USC's going to be bringing in some more big, strong linemen. He has great explosion, he sees everything. He's a darter, he's not a power runner or anything, but he has that explosion into the hole and that's what you've got to have."

On Michigan's first series, Leach fumbled on the USC 42. USC marched to the Michigan six but couldn't cross the goal. Glen Walker's 23-yard field-goal attempt was no good. Michigan scored first, in the second quarter, on a typical Wolverine drive: a pichout to Lytle, a scramble by Leach, a line plunge, a pichout, a Lytle dive from the one. USC Tackle Walt Underwood leaped high to block the extra-point kick and Michigan led 6-0.

USC came right back with an impressive march of its own, featuring White's running and a 30-yard pass play from Evans to Shelton Diggs. It came down to fourth and goal to go from the one and Robinson decided to try for the touchdown rather than a field goal. Evans, a good runner, faked to White, who vaulted high over a cluster of Michigan defenders. Then he raced untouched around left end for the score. Walker's kick was good and the Trojans led 7-6, a lead they took into the locker room at the half.

USC got its second touchdown in the



but Quarterback Evans has kept the ball and skirts past Jim Bolden for USC's first touchdown

fourth quarter, a 58-yard drive culminated by White's tough seven-yard run. Fullback Tatupu carried twice for 30 yards, and Evans, dodging pursuers, hit Randy Semmlin for a 27-yard pass completion. Walker's kick made it 14-6, USC.

Michigan mounted a desperate attack after the ensuing kickoff, but it died with a couple of questionable play calls by the coaching staff that will have fans second-guessing Schembechler for months. Two successful Leach passes moved the Wolverines from their own 33 to the USC 23. Two plays later it was third down,

four yards to go on the Trojan 17, with 2:13 left, plenty of time. Michigan could have gone to its three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust plays, its pitchouts, its quarterback keepers—but it didn't. On third down Leach threw a hurried pass, out of bounds, over Stephenson's head. On fourth down he overthrew a well-covered Lytle. USC then ran out the clock to assure its 15th Rose Bowl triumph. And so for the seventh time in eight seasons the Big Ten had lost to the Pac-8 because it has yet to acknowledge and/or perfect the forward pass. At times USC

had gone with five linebackers and only three deep backs, during Michigan to pass, but Leach had tried only 12, completed just four.

"Relatively speaking, we took the run away from them," said USC Linebacker Coach Don Lindsey. "So now he's forced to pass. In the previous games he has thrown the football in relaxed situations. No discredit to Rick Leach at all. Gosh amighty, he is a great football player. He's a great leader, he's a great ball handler. Not a discredit to him—they don't throw the ball."

"I thought it was one of the great football games I've ever been involved in," said Robinson, who had just finished his 17th year as a coach. "Both sides, the men in the game, played absolutely great football. . . . I think there were more collisions and more really physical play than any time since I've been coaching."

"I think they deserved to win the game," said Schembechler, his air of confidence and command not shaken by his fourth bowl loss in four tries. "I think they're the best football team I've seen this year. I have no vote for the national championship or anything like that, but if I did I certainly would vote for USC."

Tell you a little secret. Bo. Playing Pitt would have been even worse. **END**

In the first half Michigan's Lytle had room to run and scored the Wolverines' touchdown, but as the game wore on the Trojan defense made the going grate





THESE 'CATS WERE COOL AND COLLECTED

Led by the Sugar Bowl Classic's MVP, Mike Jones (above), unabashed—and undefeated—Cincinnati won at New Orleans, beating Indiana's stormy knights

by Barry McDermott

Rarely have the philosophies of two basketball teams been more contrasting than those of the opponents in the championship game of last week's Sugar Bowl Classic. On one side were Indiana's dour Hoosiers, the defending national champions who make an airborne division look poorly disciplined; on the other were Cincinnati's Bearcats, a joking and jiving combo that just might pussyfoot its way to an NCAA title this spring.

In fact, some of the rogue 'Cats already think they are No. 1 (they were ranked fifth before the Sugar Bowl), and it was hard to argue with them after they reflected to a 52-43 win over Indiana at the Superdome in New Orleans. For the

Hoosiers, a team adrift in turbulent waters, it was an ignominious defeat in a season of recrimination. Indiana lost with star Center Kent Benson, among others, being punished on the bench, while at least one player, freshman Glen Grunwald, dabbed at tears on his cheeks.

Cincinnati left 'em weeping by winning the way it always does, with a twist-and-shout offense, then staged a post-game celebration during which the Bearcats acted as if they should be wearing lamphades on their heads. And lest anyone think that this is not the way to a national championship, it should be noted that this band of raffish merry-makers is both unabashed and undefeated.

To keep that record intact, Cincinnati needed a halftime wake-up call in its Sugar Bowl opener against South Carolina, which led 32-30 after the first half. In the second half the Bearcats yawned, then shot 69% to win 79-62. The next evening Cincy shifted tactics—it led most of the way using a four-corner offense that spread the Indiana defense and allowed the Bearcats to do the one-on-one moves they prefer—but the result was the same as the 'Cats ran their record to 9-0 and their laughs to a million.

The biggest yukker of all was Mike Jones, the Bearcats' loquacious forward who rattles opposing players with an endless stream of twitting chatter, showboats his one-handed rebounds and does something resembling the Ah shuffle whenever a teammate makes a good play.

It was Jones who saved the Bearcats against South Carolina with a 750 shooting percentage from the floor, and it was he who swished four jumpers as Cincy broke open the game against Indiana. His 13-for-22 shooting in the tournament earned him the Most Valuable Player award, a prize that accomplished the im-

possible. Said Jones about being MVP: "I'm speechless."

But the final was much more than a battle of jump shots. It was a victory for rambunctiousness over regimentation. While Cincinnati was carousing in New Orleans, Indiana was closeted—a foretaste of relaxed Pitt and restrained Georgia in the town's big football game. After going 32-0 last season, the Hoosiers came to the Sugar Bowl with a 4-3 record and reports of team meetings without Coach Bobby Knight and general unrest.

So Indiana stayed in quarantine and practiced knitting its ties as the Bearcats went to Bourbon Street for a night of crayfish and comedy, finishing up in Cincy alum Al Hart's jazz club after midnight. Of course, this attitude could turn out to be dangerous. One day the club may die laughing. "We scare me," says Gary Yoder, the Bearcats' senior playmaker. "In practice we goof around and don't play hard, but when the big game comes up, we get down and play ball."

Knight is turning gray wondering when his team is going to play ball. All but one of the stars from last year's team are graduated, and a string of other players has left Indiana to work for less demanding coaches. One of them is Larry Bird, who departed for Indiana State two seasons ago and now ranks in the national top 10 in both scoring and rebounding. Worst of all, so many of Knight's best new prospects were injured in preseason drills that Ace bandages are now part of the Hoosier uniform. Finally, rumors are rampant that All-America Benson, a devout young man, is upset over Knight's pungent vocabulary and that some of the younger players are rebelling over being ordered around as if they were at Parris Island.

Against Cincinnati, Indiana's mood was manifested when, with 10 minutes left and his team down six points, Knight pulled Benson to the sidelines. Then Knight knelt and lectured his captain in a voice that could be heard by the press and nearby spectators. "Your play is a disgrace," he said. "We may lose tonight, but not with you. You're done. If we're going to go down, we're going to go down with guys who are busting their bleep."

On their bench the Cincinnati coaches sat relieved but mystified as Indiana, playing four freshmen and a sophomore, tried futilely to cover the Bearcats' frustrating four-corner offense, patiently directed by Yoder and Eddie Lee.

Afterwards the fans taunted Knight with cries of "You quitter," and the Indiana coach pulled his Hoosiers into the locker room and kept the door sealed for 45 minutes. Knight's son, Timmy, was sent to collect Benson's All-Tournament Team award, an honor the coach later said "amused" him.

"Indiana wouldn't be enjoying themselves right now, even if they had won," said Yoder. "The fun is gone from the game for them. Winning the Sugar Bowl is nice, being No. 1 would be nice, all the glory is nice, but it's not the most important thing in the world. If you lose, the sun will come up tomorrow."

For the Bearcats, the sun will catch them smiling. Coach Gale Catlett wears garish triple-knit suits and is so outspoken that perplexed fans do not know whether to love him or arrest him for eyeball pollution and a speeding tongue. His team has averaged 21 victories in his four years at Cincinnati and has a 51-game homecourt win streak, the nation's longest, despite a penchant for the shot selection of a drunken hunter. "I know they're bad shots," says Catlett, "but I want them to experiment. That's what college basketball is all about."

Catlett's theory was illustrated by reserve Forward Curtis Cabbell, who spent the afternoon before the final in the hotel lobby filling a large hat with girls' phone numbers for a victory party that

night. Cabbell is nicknamed Rev. Moon because of an embarrassing incident in Cincinnati's opening game. As he rushed to the scorer's table to check in for his initial appearance of the season, Cabbell pulled off his warmup and his uniform pants.

Catlett may give out a soft-shoe routine about taking things easy and enjoying life but he is assiduous in his preparation. On the day of the Indiana game he and his assistant, Gary McPherson, huddled with Georgia Coach John Guthrie, whose team had lost to Indiana 74-52 in the opening round. The session reinforced Catlett's thinking that Indiana could be beaten with a zone defense that walked in Benson. That tactic paid off, as the Hoosier center scored only eight points.

Before the Cincinnati game, the Indiana manager made certain the coach's chair was movable, which would make it easier for Knight to kick it in case he wanted to. Against Cincinnati, his boot came with one second remaining before halftime, when Jones scored on a dunk for a 24-18 Bearcat lead.

Indiana rallied to take the lead several times early in the second half, but with about 14 minutes left, Cincinnati got in gear again, with baskets by Yoder, Jones and Lee giving it a 37-31 edge. Then Benson was reminded to the bench.

Later, Catlett invited the press to a team meeting during which he gave his players two days off, suspended curfew and warned them not to sack the French Quarter. After all, they had done enough pillaging for one night.

END



Eddie Lee, Jones, Brian Williams and Yoder show how sweet it is to be 9-0 and Sugar Bowl champions after topping the Gamecocks and Hoosiers



Ken Stabler's shaky nerves will bomb Minnesota clear out of the Super Bowl, argues Bob Jones

WHICH TEAM HAS THE BETTER AIRPORT?

Before departing for Super Bowl XI, pro football writers Dan Jenkins and Robert F. Jones debated the merits of Minnesota and Oakland. Dan gave Bob 15 reasons why, as he put it, "I prefer the Vikings over Don Corleone's godchildren." Bob didn't agree with any of them. "I'm picking the Raiders over Frosty the Snowman," he said. "And it's obvious why Daniel is so flippant. When you're backing the wrong bulldog, you'd better start grinning as soon as you can. That way it doesn't smart so bad when you get whupped."

CITIES

Dan: Minneapolis has the best airport in the NFL for renting a car or turning one in. It has clean air, a low crime rate, it rarely ever snows inside the restaurants and bars, a lot of the girls look like they stole their hair from Farrah Fawcett and it's three hours closer to New York.

In general, the National Conference has classier towns. Oakland is across the bridge from room service. I think it's on loan from Cincinnati.

Bob: Oakland may not be much for airports and chi-chi beaneries, but it's a tough town—about the only burg left in California where you can actually tell the men from the women. I like the atmosphere, a brawny mix of rust and salt and spiked beer. You can still smell the blood of the dead sea otters when you walk the fog in Jack London Square. In an Oakland bar you talk warily. The guy glowing over his boilerworks might be the illegitimate grandson of Wolf Larsen. Minneapolis, by contrast, is full of androgynous and repertory theaters. I think it even has a symphony orchestra. Some football town.

UNIFORMS

Dan: The Vikings wear elegant purple, which is infinitely more photographable. Oakland wears pollution. Black and gray. **Bob:** That "elegant purple" the Vikings wear isn't all uniform. Most Minnesotans acquire the hue early in November and remain so until the ice goes out on Memorial Day. The Raider black-and-silver suits may not be as pretty, but on their receivers they're the stickiest uniforms in the league. Rumor has it they're woven from flypaper. If Freddy Biletnikoff ever crashes into the end-zone fence, it will take at least half the Raider bench to pluck him off.

COACHES

Dan: Bud Grant looks cold and mysterious. John Madden looks like everybody you ever saw on *Bowling For Dollars*.

Bob: Bud Grant is a fine man, one of my favorite people in any sport, but Johnny Madden has a lot going for him, too. Like an 85-22-7 record, a 79.4 winning percentage—the best ever.

OWNERS

Dan: I don't know who owns the Vikings, unless it's Max McGee at The Left Guard in Bloomington or the bar-marks at Duff's downtown. It doesn't

matter that much anyway. I'm just tired of Howard telling me what a genius Oakland's Al Davis is.

On second thought, I think the guys who officiated the New England game own Oakland now.

Bob: I know who owns the Vikings (Max Winter, a nice old gent), but Al Davis he ain't. Davis may not be a genius, but he's street smart and tough, a Brooklyn kid gone West but uncorrupted by the endemic California softness. In short, a winner.

QUARTERBACKS

Dan: I have to root for a guy who never had any receivers until this year, Francis Tarkenton, over a guy the TV people keep telling me is the best "pure passer" they have ever seen. They've forgotten Sam Bough. And, anyhow, how many of Kenny Stabler's passes would have counted if the zebras had called as many holding penalties on Art Shell as they should have?

It's true that Stabler may mutilate the Vikings if the zebras give him the time he's used to, which is time enough to file his nails and wait for Clifford Branch and Biletnikoff to jog to Sausalito and back.

However, if things are equal, Tarkenton has seen it all and he's more accustomed to situations not being perfect. Also, Francis has a greater variety of receivers who will be in a greater variety of places.

You almost have to think Tarkenton deserves to win a Super Bowl to give broader meaning to all those records he's earned. Meanwhile, what does it prove if Stabler wins one? That a left-handed guy with a beard is acceptable in American society?

Bob: As a southpaw myself, and an amateur herpesologist, I have to go with the Snake. Stabler has matured over his seven years in the pros and is the game's best passer. This year he completed two of every three passes he tried. He can throw the ball any way the situation demands—hard enough to crack ribs at 40 yards, or light as a snowflake at 15. Overhand, sidearm or underhand. Zebras notwithstanding, Stabler has the best offensive line in front of him since Joe Namath's "Mother Hens." Against Pittsburgh, Stabler's line allowed only one sack, and on running plays it slammed the Steel Curtain back two yards on every pop.

Tarkenton is hurting. You can see it in the way he pushes the ball. His long passes take twice as long as Stabler's to reach the mark. Those bruised ribs earlier this year and the knee injured in the Washington game—age and pain are creeping up on Sir Francis. The Vikings may yet leave Pasadena in a zebra-stripped hearse, but more likely they'll be bombed out of the Rose Bowl by Snakey aerials.

RUNNING BACKS

Dan: No team has ever won the Super Bowl game without a superb—some say great—runner. Minnesota has Chuck Foreman. He should be this game's Franco, Csonka or Duane. Oakland has Mark van Name, but at least the Raiders won't have their designated fumbler, Marvin Hubbard.

Foreman, who is among the three or four top running backs in the NFL, might be the overall difference. We shall see if Oakland has forgotten how to defend simultaneously against the run and the pass.

Bob: Foreman is great. Mark van Eeghen and Clarence Davis, Pete Banaszuk and Carl Garrett are solid journeymen. There are four of them on the Raiders' side, with a total of 2,118 yards among them. Foreman gained 1,155. It's not one of your All-Pro backfields like Miami used to have and Pittsburgh still does, but the Raider running game keeps the other guys honest. With Stabler calling the signals that's enough.

RECEIVERS

Dan: Everybody knows that Branch, Biletnikoff and Dave Casper all can catch hummingbirds between their thumbs and forefingers. But if I had to pick two men off both squads, I'd take two Vikings—Sammie White, for what he can run under, and Chuck Foreman, for what he can do after he catches the football. Bob: Branch, Biletnikoff and Casper. Who could ask for anything more? In a footrace between Branch and White, Clifford would be out of the shower and heading home for a backgammon.

continued

Fran Tarkenton has seen it all before and knows how to handle adversity, claims Dan Jenkins.



game with his wife before White hit the finish line. And no one outside of a glue factory can glom the ball like Biletnikoff. When Stabler began the winning drive against New England, the Patriots knew that Biletnikoff would be the key. Still, they were helpless. If the B-Boys are double-zoned, Casper is out there, clear, in the middle. Unstoppable.

DEFENSE

Dan: Minnesota's crafty veterans sag and bend but never collapse. They make things happen and have a habit of turning up in the right places. Jeff Siemon and Alan Page are the class defenders of both teams, and they happen to play for Minnesota.

Oakland has George Atkinson. Football's a tough game but one of Atkinson's specialties seems to be hitting a lick when nobody's looking, including the six officials.

But I wouldn't kick him out of the sport. Then we wouldn't have the pleasure of looking forward to the day he gets his right forearm caught in someone's teeth.

Bob: Pat Haden, the Los Angeles rookie who has maybe a tenth of Stabler's skills, gained 161 yards through the air against Minnesota. What will the Snake do? The Purple People Eaters have about worn their teeth down to the gum line over the years. Lovable old geezers, all, but slowing down. It's hard to love the likes of an Atkinson or a Jack Tatum or a Phil Villapiano, but this game isn't played for love. The Raider defense adheres to an old Spartan dictum: the only time stealing is wrong is when you get caught. Violent, fast, and mean, the Raiders have a way of winning. And as the Patriots learned, they rarely get caught in the act.

SPECIAL TEAMS

Dan: I don't think Nate Allen can block a Ray Guy punt unless he rents a helicopter. But Allen will worry the Raiders on all of their punts and placekicks, and Oakland doesn't have anyone who will Neil Clabo is not as good a punter as Guy, but he's plenty good enough, among the league's best. As for placekickers, I would trade both Fred Cox and Errol Mann for a cup of soup out of a vending machine. There isn't any distance Cox and Mann can't miss from. What it comes down to is, the special teams shouldn't decide this game—unless Nate Allen does.

Bob: Minnesota has blocked 15 kicks so far this season, Oakland only 4. But the Raider special teams are confident that Stabler and the offense can move the ball, so they play a more conservative game. The Vikes won't block any of Guy's punts. Mann is no Cox as a placekicker. I'll admit that, but he gets them through when he has to. And if you think the Raider secondary is mean, well, they're pussycats beside the Oakland jack-of-all-trade unit.

INCENTIVE

Dan: One of the chokers has to win. Then there will be only one choker left. But there's something extra in it for the Vikings. Bud Grant says he will buy his team hand warmers if they ever win a Super Bowl.

Bob: If the Raiders win, Al Davis has promised to pay all their future bail bonds.

EMOTION

Dan: The Vikings have gone to three previous Super Bowls and crawled into their conservative act. And lost. Grant kept them down, treating the Super Bowl like any other game. It isn't. Now the Vikings say they have spirit. They played what they called "crazy" against the Rams. They intend to be "crazy men" in Pasadena. That's good. At least it will look like they're trying.

Bob: The Raiders don't have to get "crazy" for a big game. In fact, they don't even know what the word means. For them it's the normal condition.

PLAYOFF EFFECT

Dan: I'm amused at how each team got to Pasadena. The officials stole the New England game for Oakland, and then the Raiders got to face Pittsburgh without Franco Harris and Rocky Bleier, which was like beating Wake Forest. Minnesota's offense and defense ought to be well-rested, too, because the Vikings didn't have to play the Cardinals or the Cowboys, who could have generated enough offense to make Minnesota work for it.

Bob: Like anyone who saw the replays, I too, felt that the officials handed the Patriots to Oakland on a silver platter. And the absence of Harris and Bleier definitely weakened Pittsburgh a week later. But Oakland erased any doubts about worthiness in the Steeler game. The Raiders would've won, that day at least, even if

Harris and Bleier had played. On the other hand, Minnesota must realize that the Rams did themselves in. So far the playoffs have only shored up Raider confidence while introducing a worm of doubt into Viking minds.

OFFICIALS

Dan: The key to the game is whether the zebras call holding on Oakland. Last year we hear there was a mutual agreement, worked out by either Pittsburgh and Dallas or the NFL and CBS, or all of them, not to have any holding calls—and there weren't any. The idea was to have a good game. If a zebra doesn't decide this game, it will be the first one all season.

Bob: Holding is the name of the line game in the NFL, and whether the officials call it or not is beside the point. It's true that the Raider offensive linemen were all born with four arms—two of them invisible—but then again every Vike lineman has 20 fingers. I must agree, though, that a low-flag game would be refreshing after the horrors of this season. Let's all pray that the insurance salesmen, used-car dealers and dentists who don striped shirts each Sunday will keep their hankies on their hips for a change.

BENEFITS

Dan: A Minnesota victory would mean the most to me personally. The Vikings might have their press box enlarged as a result, and I would therefore be able to stand up and turn around without spilling coffee on the Minneapolis Tribune.

Bob: For me an Oakland victory would be the sweetest. Al Davis might cough up enough to put windows on his upper-deck press box and keep out those chilling Jack London ghosts that weasel in once the sun is over the yardarm. And, who knows, he might even spend some money to have the lower press box converted from a gloomy sepulcher into something remotely cheery.

SUMMARY

Dan: If Oakland wins, crime pays. **Bob:** If Minnesota wins, Bud Grant will become famous. He won't be the Bad Grant we all know and respect. He'll smile a lot. And maybe he'll be too famous to invite me to go fly fishing with him again next summer. That was the nicest day I've had all season. **END**



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Harry Kabakoff doesn't work the corners much anymore. He's carried too many hopes into the ring, carried out too many fighters. "I've put more kids on a bus back to Mexico than the Immigration Service," he says. Kabakoff, a Los Angeles fight manager, is an ex-bantamweight who came into the world as Melville Himmelfarb, and is now 49, balding, and far more than half as round (50 inches) as he is tall (77 inches). Not that all of his warriors have been stiff. Hardly. He had, for example, Jesus Pimentel, a kid with a grin as dazzling as his left hook, and only promotional politics and, finally, age kept him from being a champion. And he had Tury Pineda, who twice beat up on Guts Ishimatsu, then the WBC lightweight champion, but in the wrong place—Tokyo. The first fight was ruled a draw; the second they gave to Ishimatsu.

years of handling boxers like Chango Cruz, a recent import from Mexico, have at last made him publicly cautious.

"That bum destroyed my image," roars Kabakoff, who just a month or so ago was telling people that Cruz was the greatest fighter to come out of Mexico since Pancho Villa. "The next time you see me working a corner you'll know my guy has got to be at least a 4-to-1 favorite."

A few months ago Saldívar spotted Cruz fighting in a small arena in Durango, Mexico. "You should see this kid," Saldívar told Kabakoff. "He's a great featherweight. He has like a muddleweight. You better grab him quick before somebody else does. He's had nine fights, lost only one—and that was on Gerardo Aceves." One of the world's fin-

easily into a father-son relationship with Kabakoff. Pimentel's last son is named Melville. "And he's not going to be a fighter," says Pimentel.

"If I have my way," says Kabakoff, "Melville Pimentel is gonna be a rabbi."

Almost daily, Pimentel phoned Kabakoff with reports on Cruz. All were the same: strong, good puncher, powerful legs. And ugly.

"God, is he ugly," says Kabakoff. "He makes Pineda look like Rock Hudson, and Pineda looks like Dracula."

Weiss says, "When this Cruz was born he was so ugly the doctor slapped his mother."

Rumors began circulating in Los Angeles about Kabakoff's latest tiger. Twice he was signed for fights; twice the other fighters heard the latest rumor about his ferocity and dropped out. Finally, Frankie Baltazar Jr., a southpaw with just six professional fights, said he needed the money and he would take on Cruz.

THE MAD RUSSIAN WHO'S GOT THE MEXICAN CONNECTION

Harry Kabakoff, born Melville Himmelfarb, is the premier handler of Mexican fighters in the U.S., and he may soon have two champs by PAT FUTHAM

su. "They kept smiling and bowing and robbing us," snarls Kabakoff, bowing and smiling. Well, trying to bow.

And at the moment, Kabakoff has Vicente Saldívar, a lightweight from the mold of Willie Pep, and Mando Muniz, a brawling welterweight with a master's degree in education, and either or both could be a world champion before spring. Muniz is scheduled to fight Carlos Palomino, the WBC champion, on Jan. 22 at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Saldívar is close to a March fight with Esteban DeJesus. With people like that, plus a few other fast-rising contenders in his stable of 60 to 70 fighters—almost all of them Mexicans—in other years it would have been impossible to keep Kabakoff from leading his own parade down Wilshire Boulevard. While the Mad Russian's eternal optimism flares as high as ever privately,

er featherweights, Aceves had a record of 23-1.

"Tell Cruz to get on a bus to Mexico right away," yelled Kabakoff, and he rushed off to see Vic Weiss, one of his partners. Kabakoff surrounds himself with partners. "I have a financial need to be in business with wealthy men," he says. He has been known to check a prospective partner's financial statement. Weiss and his partner, Jerry Cutter, own large and lucrative Ford and Rolls-Royce agencies in California and Hawaii. Weiss, an ex-college and All-Munroe football player, was ecstatic when he was told about Cruz.

"Let's go and get him fast," he told Kabakoff. Then Weiss called Cutter and told him the good news.

Cruz came to Mexico, where he spent 10 days waiting for a visa and being observed by Pimentel, who years ago fell



When Cruz finally arrived in L.A., Kabakoff and Weiss quickly signed him to a five-year contract and then rushed him off to the Bank of America, where they opened a savings account for him.

"With the shaky peso situation, I told him he'd be better off leaving his money here," Weiss said. "I told him the president of the Bank of America was a close friend, and when he needed money just to call him and he'd have it sent to Mexico." Weiss looked at Kabakoff and grinned. "I think we also mentioned something about a new car."

Kabakoff nodded. "Yeah, we always mention a new car."

The night of the Baltazar fight arrived. Kabakoff and Weiss urged all their friends to make bets. The fight was televised, and Kabakoff and Weiss were both there in the ring, taking bows. "I hope he don't kill Baltazar," Kabakoff said.

Baltazar lived. He stopped Cruz in the eighth round on cuts.

One of Kabakoff's last hopes is Armando Muniz (right), who goes for the writer late this month. Below, Kabakoff advises one of his lesser lights



"The bum was up and down so many times I thought he was an Otis elevator," said Kabakoff. "We figured he was just a slow starter. He kept coming back to the corner and saying he was slipping."

"He was," said Weiss. "In his own blood."

"By the fourth round he had these lumps all over his head," Kabakoff said. "Now he looks like Quasimodo. Finally, in the eighth round his face splits open and they stop the fight. We gave him the whole purse, our end and everything, and sent him back to Mexico. We told him we'd give him another chance."

"Yeah," said Weiss.

That night Cutter called Weiss from Honolulu. "How did our tiger do?"

"TKO in the eighth round."

"It took him that long?"

"Yeah. To lose."

"Beautiful."

Melville Himmelfarb was born on Friday the 13th, in July 1927, in St. Louis. The day was one of the hottest and muggiest anyone could remember. Melville's

continued

father, Sam, out of Whitechapel, London, drove a bread truck. Before that, Sam Himmelfarb had ridden with the U.S. cavalry on the Mexican border, mostly discouraging wetbacks. "Little did he know that his son would grow up wishing he had been born in Mexico," Kabakoff said.

Melville's mother, born Stella Kabakoff, was from a small village 20 kilometers outside of Minsk. Her family moved to England, then to the U.S. They were turned back at Ellis Island on their first try because Stella's brother Harry was discovered to have pink eye. They went to Canada and later slipped across the border. Stella is now a naturalized American citizen.

Known as the Ghetto Ghost, her brother Harry fought the top bantam and featherweights from 1914 until 1930. After amassing a fortune in California real estate, he died in 1975.

"That's all I heard about when I was growing up—the Ghetto Ghost," Kabakoff said. "So when I took up boxing I took his name. He never gave me a dime. And the name didn't help me none either."

Kabakoff's early years were spent on Biddle Street, a gangster-ridden area in downtown St. Louis where Harry's grandfather was a butcher. Later, the family moved to The Hill, where he grew up as the only Jewish kid in a neighborhood of Yogi Berris and Joe Garagiolas.

"My first love was baseball," Kabakoff says. "I played against Joe and Yogi. At second base. But I was too small. Later, someone wrote, 'Yogi went to the Yankees, Garagiolas went to the Cardinals and Kabakoff went to the Browns—as a bat boy.' But I was with a winner. I was the bat boy for the visiting teams. You could say I played second for the Browns. Who's gonna remember who played for them bums?"

After that, the saga of Harry Kabakoff ricochets between St. Louis and Los Angeles. He went to eight different schools, was bounced from them all. "I had fast hands and a fast mouth. One or the other always had me in hot water."

At 16 he paused long enough in a small town in Arkansas to get a local belle in a family way. Doing the honorable thing, Kabakoff carried her across the border into Mexico, where they were married.

When he returned to Arkansas, the girl's father convinced Harry that the honorable thing to do was to get an annulment and then run for his life.

"I also got a 26-year-old son named Carlos in Mexico," Kabakoff said. "He's a double for me. So if you ever run into a 5' 7", 275-pound blue-eyed Mexican who's balding and looks Jewish..."

In 1944 Kabakoff went into the Navy. He became a cook-baker with the rating

of Seaman 1/c and was assigned to minesweepers. When he was discharged in late 1947, he was still cooking and baking, but had been broken to Seaman 2/c.

"All because of a lousy ham," Kabakoff said. It happened one night during a crap game in the galley. Some of the crew decided the game had made them hungry for ham sandwiches. Unfortunately, the only ham Kabakoff knew of was in the admiral's private locker on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL SPRIDGE



Despite the gloves, Kabakoff's dog is not a boxer but a Pekingese that he regards as his daughter

the U.S.S. *Terror*. Soon the crew was eating ham sandwiches. But someone told the admiral, who had Kabakoff reduced in rank and fined \$50. "I still remember the charge of the court martial," Kabakoff said. "It was for pilfering the admiral's pantry."

Kabakoff's amateur and professional boxing careers, which he somehow managed to run concurrently, were undistinguished. As an amateur, Mel Himmel won 40 of 47; as a pro, Harry Kabakoff won six, lost seven and had two draws. For his 15 professional fights, he had 10 managers.

Why so many managers? "Too many 'gets,'" said Harry. "First I'd get an advance, then I'd get pneumonia, then I'd get out of town. I had no trouble getting a new manager. In the gym I was beautiful. I looked like Barney Ross. I just never went to the gym too much. All my fights, I win the first round. After that I looked like a guy with emphysema."

Kabakoff even made a comeback. It was close to Christmas, and as usual he needed the money. "I always needed the money. It was in Tucson, and by the fifth round I decided to hell with it. The other guy throws a punch which is a powder puff, and I go over on my back. Then I hear some broad say, 'My God, I think he is dead.' I have to roll over on my stomach, I am laughing so hard."

Retiring for the last time, Kabakoff set up a permanent base in the old Main Street gym in Los Angeles, where he slept nights on a rubber table and spent his days learning from the masters. He became an excellent trainer and cornerman. In time, some of the country's top managers began sending him to training camps to prepare their fighters for bouts, even sending him overseas for fights they couldn't get to themselves. He worked with 14 champions, including Floyd Patterson, Ezzard Charles, Davey Moore, Johnny Saxton and James Carter. Kid Gavilan had him in his corner for all of his California fights.

"Camp was great because everyone ate good there," said Kabakoff, who began doubling as cook and baker. "The first big fighter they gave me was Willie Bean. He fought Clarence Henry, either 1949 or 1950, and they drew a \$25,000 gate. I made \$60. But I was happy. I had eaten good."

His skills as a cut man became leg-

endary. "I can close any cut that ain't a total behending in just 50 seconds. A guy could come back with his eyeball hanging out of the socket and I'd have it back in and have the guy reading the small print on a dollar bill at 100 yards in less than a minute. I shoulda been a surgeon."

In the early '50s Kabakoff took out his manager's license. His first fighter of note was Eddie Rodriguez, whom he baptized the Little Hawk. Kabakoff always baptizes his fighters. His next good one was Don Jordan, whom he instantly turned into an Indian. Some said Kabakoff was only a front man for Babe McCoy, the California boxing czar later banned from the sport.

"Bull," growled Kabakoff. "I borrowed \$1,000 from Bob Nunes, a movie producer, to buy Jordan. Then some guys stole him from me. I loved him, but he was a bad kid, always drinking wine, smoking pot. All he ever wanted to be was a gangster. When they stole him they gave me \$900. That's all I could prove that he owed me. Eight fights later he wins the title and is making \$50,000 a fight. I was sick. This is a dirty, nasty business with a lot of political intrigue. I think I'm sharp, but there are a lot of people sharper. That's why I've never been on top. What the hell. A lot of people look upon me like some kind of court jester. I make them laugh until they cry. It's a gift. The dogs eat the dogs, but once in a while I get a laugh. A lot of people never even have that."

A scuffer from birth, Kabakoff seemingly has never developed any measure of respect for money. What he makes he either lends or gives away. Usually to his fighters. He seldom cuts a fighter's purse until it passes \$2,000, and few ever get that far. And when he does make a dollar, it is often spent on gifts for friends.

"He's just too soft-hearted for the business," says Aileen Eaton, the Olympic Auditorium promoter. "Not cutting a purse is the least of it. Even after they retire, or when they are between fights, he keeps on giving them money. He's 1,000% loyal to friends. I have to fight with him to keep him from giving me expensive jewelry. Because of the movies, people think managers are some kind of monsters. They should know Harry."

Don Chargin, the Olympic Auditorium matchmaker, who has known Kabakoff for 30 years, long ago gave up trying

to curtail his generosity. "He'll bring some young kid up from Mexico," says Chargin, "and when the kid gets off the bus he'll look a little tattered. The first thing Harry does is put him in a new \$100 suit, slip some money in his pocket and feed him. And that's before the kid has even fought a four-round prelim. He just gives away everything he's got. Everything."

In the late 1950s, Julian Velasquez, a Kabakoff fighter, was injured in a bout, needed brain surgery and almost died. Kabakoff turned in his manager's license.

"I was sick with Julian night and day," Kabakoff remembers. "I've never been much for prayer, but when you're in trouble, what else is there? I lived on my knees. I nursed that kid until he recovered. Suddenly, boxing seemed like a dirty blood business and I wanted no more of it. I hustled other things. Finally, I opened a bar. Then another. A beer and wine joint. A strip joint. Then another beer and wine joint. If them bums hadn't stole me blind, I'd probably still be running a bar."

Disenchanted with bartenders as a whole, Kabakoff made a trip to Mexico, where a friend, local promoter Nick Rodriguez, wanted him to work overseas with one of his fighters. There Kabakoff met Jesus Pimentel, who was pumping gas at a station owned by Rodriguez.

Pimentel had tried his hand at boxing earlier, but without a competent trainer and teacher, he had given up. Years earlier, Pimentel, his father and mother, his eight sisters and brothers and their families had crossed the Mexican border on their stomachs. They had crawled along a railroad track to a spot near San Ysidro, from where an uncle drove them to Los Angeles. A few years later, after Jesus had learned to speak English and become a New York Yankee fan, the family's illegal entry was discovered and they were sent back to Mexico. That was in 1958.

"Then I met Harry," Pimentel says with a great smile. "Right off I didn't like him. He couldn't speak Spanish then and he had this great mustache. I thought he was a Mexican-American making believe he was something else."

Kabakoff remembers. "I wasn't fat then and I had let the hair grow on my lip to cover up this big ugly wart. I guess I did look like a Mexican. I couldn't fig-

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MAD RUSSIAN continued

ure out why the kid didn't like me. How'd I know he thought I was a Pancho? I hadn't learned Spanish yet and Rodriguez couldn't speak English. We used Pimentel as our interpreter."

Then one day Kabakoff saw Pimentel working out in a gym and offered to take him north.

"Aw, you don't want him," Rodriguez said. "He likes baseball. And he smokes. Besides, he don't like you too much."

Quickly, Kabakoff convinced Pimentel that he was a Russian Jew, and to give up smoking. Under Kabakoff's careful guidance Pimentel, baptized Little Posson, won 42 of 43 fights, 39 of them by knockouts. By 1964 he had become the No. 1 bantam challenger, but the way had been long and painful.

"A lot of times there was only enough for one to eat, so Harry would go hungry," said Pimentel, tears forming in his large and soft dark eyes. "We'd get one room and Harry would make me take the bed. He'd sleep on the floor."

Their big chance came in 1964. Pimentel was signed to meet Fighting Harada, another top-ranked challenger. Then Pimentel developed stomach trouble and the fight was postponed.

"They really stiffed us after that," Kabakoff said. "They made the second match too soon. I told them that. Pimentel was still sick. No way we could fight."

Pimentel and Kabakoff were suspended in California. The fighter went home to Mexico, with a huge knot in his stomach. California doctors had given up on his case. All tests had come back negative. The villagers in Mexicali took one look at Pimentel and diagnosed his problem as an ancient Mexican affliction called empacho.

According to legend, an empacho develops when food in the stomach turns into an immovable ball. The first cure tried was a calf's hoof burned to charcoal. Pimentel ate the dust. Then he drank pottery paint mixed with honey. And a consommé of boiled weeds.

"Nothing worked," Kabakoff said. "Then someone recommended this old Indian lady who was a super empacho curer. We went. She tells Jesus to take off his shirt and lay on his stomach. She starts pulling the skin on his back. She punched and pulled, and when she gets to the spine we hear this snap. She had hit the jackpot. The empacho was gone."

I told Jesus that was because the damn thing wasn't in his stomach but in his head."

Cured, Pimentel was offered a fight in San Antonio against Eder Jofre, the champion. The promoter was a Texan, but to this day Kabakoff insists that George Parnassus, a Los Angeles promoter who handled Jofre, set up the fight. Jofre was to get \$40,000; Pimentel \$15,000 plus \$5,000 for radio rights back to Mexico.

"I told Parnassus that San Antonio hadn't drawn \$25,000 for a fight in its history," Kabakoff said. "It didn't make any sense. The whole thing was a setup. Jofre weighed 140 pounds and couldn't have made the weight if they cut off one of his legs. Everybody but me knew it. Then his manager, Abe Katzenelson, comes to me and says there's no money in the bank, no advance sale, and he's worried. I go nuts and start screaming. The fight is called off and I get blamed. And suspended. Now we are suspended by everybody everywhere except in Mexico. Beautiful. Now I am not a vindictive person and I would never wish for someone to drop dead. But I did pray a little that a few people would spend the rest of their lives in an iron lung."

For Kabakoff and Pimentel it was back to the tank towns of Mexico. Years passed. Time and apologies got the suspensions lifted. Pimentel's fists took care of the rest. By 1971 the gentle little Mexican with the frowzy black hair and the broad smile had amassed 77 victories in 83 fights, with 70 knockouts. Once again he was ranked the No. 1 contender. He was 31 years old.

Kabakoff fingered the gold-and-diamond religious charm he wears on a gold chain around his neck. "Jesse and me went through some hard times," he said. "I had this in hock more than I wore it. But we held on. I guess when Jesse got to be 31, Parnassus decided to go for the jugular. He figured Jesse was too old to beat Ruben Olivares, then the champion, and we got a title fight. But I made that old Greek sweat first. Then I heard he had offered Ruben a \$5,000 bonus if he knocked Jesse out in the first round, an LTD if he did it by the fifth."

They fought on Dec. 14, 1971. Olivares, a 5-to-1 favorite, came out booming big hooks, but Pimentel held his own with a stinging jab and a smashing right

to the head. At the end of the round, Kabakoff leaped out of the corner, ran over to Parnassus and screamed, "You ought to give him the five grand anyway!"

In the third round, Olivares suffered a cut over his left eye; in the next, he sagged under a hook to the jaw. In the fifth, a hook sent Pimentel crashing out of the ring, but he bounced back in. At the end of the round, Kabakoff again rushed Parnassus, this time screaming, "You oughta give him the new car anyway!"

But time had caught up to Pimentel. Except for one brief flurry in the eighth, the rest of the fight belonged to the 24-year-old champion. At the end of the 11th round, after Pimentel had been battered savagely, Kabakoff leaped into the ring and yelled, "Ruben, you're still the champion."

"Five years earlier and Olivares wouldn't have lasted two rounds," Kabakoff said later. He gathered up the \$25,000 purse, put it in Pimentel's wallet and watched sadly as the little bantamweight walked away into retirement.

"Title or not, my son was the best bantamweight ever," Kabakoff said.

While rebuilding his stable, looking for a new star, Kabakoff divided his time between Los Angeles and a small ranch he had leased near Heber, Calif. It is on the border; Pimentel and his family live just on the other side.

"A lot of days Jesse would bring his oldest boy over to stay with me," said Kabakoff. "I lived for those times. During the day I'd cook something for Jesse to take home to his family. Night was bad. I was alone. I hated the lousy TV set. I had my dog. I've always had a dog, always a Pekingese. I call them my daughters. I had no one else, nothing else. Some nights were very long. The manager is supposed to have it good; the fighter, bad. But I'd sit there thinking of Jesse home with his family and me sitting there alone."

Kabakoff's dark mood passed. "Shoot, no one ever had it as good as me," he said. "I'm happy. Now I've got Saldivar. I've got Muniz. We're going to bring Pineda back. The last few years haven't been too good. But this year, this year is mine. With any luck I'll have—me and my partners will have—two champions before spring. And if not them, hell, there's always someone else you can find and try with."

31

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It's a mistake to ramble the docks and to see the defeated fish come in before you have fished for marlin yourself. Blue marlin that are strung up for the cameras don't look tough. They look black and dead, so dead it seems they might never have been alive. That they were beaten is obvious by their presence there, upside down with those terse vital statistics painted in white on their sides—the victor's name, the date of the conquest, the name of the marina for purposes of advertising and, if there is room left over, the weight of the fish.

It makes more sense to unpack your bags, inventory your tackle if you have any and wait in a bar like Rumbottom's for the St. Thomas captains to come in. Listen carefully to what they have to say, say little or nothing yourself, and if you are sharp you'll get real insight into the sport from hearing that they love what they do, that they are challenged by it and that, after all these years, it still impresses them. They are like fighter pilots, or better yet, like Navy chiefs. They are open and a little bit cocky or big and quiet and very, very strong. They respect strength and tend to ridicule weakness. They believe in God, and they're not crazy about having their pictures taken. After you have learned all this, if you have any sense, you should be just a little bit scared.

Some drinks are better for staring into than others. Gimlets are very good. Martinis are bad. They're too shallow. Daiquiris are impossible. Trying to dream while staring into a daiquiri is fooling yourself. They are soupy and have little bits of vegetable matter floating around in them. They're too cluttered for dreaming. Good judgment would tell you not to drink at all, but if you're nervous, as you should be, you will seldom show good sense about anything, and the best



GIMLETS ARE GOOD FOR DREAMING

In their green depths are visions of tomorrow's blue marlin, boiling up to take the bait in one terrible turn

thing you can hope to do is choose a drink with soul like a gimlet to straighten out tomorrow.

It will be on you before you are ready for it. You will have to be weaned from your bed, and after tea and the tablet for seasickness you have secreted away, you should walk to the docks, letting the tropics wish you good morning and good luck with smells you do not recognize and sounds you do not know. Your head will clear as you take it all in, and if you can say, "There's a first time for everything," and like what you hear, you'll be ready as you'll ever be for one of fishing's ultimate challenges.

The late charter boat captain Tommy Gifford used to tell of a gigantic blue marlin that showed on the grounds off St. Thomas during the summer months when marlin fishing is best. Gifford was in his 70s then and swore to God he'd take on that fish one day and beat it. Tommy was bunk like a fire hydrant, cursed profusely and attacked billfishing much the way Theodore Gordon took on trout. He believed the more you knew about the fish, the greater chance you had of beating them. You owed a charter customer no deference, he declared, which was the very best kind of flattery he could offer. To Tommy Gifford, charters were fishing partners, and what you did when you fished with him reflected on the two of you. If you blew it, he'd give you hell, but he'd go to hell to keep you from blowing it.

To Tommy Gifford, fishing marlin wasn't a game. If you didn't know how to accept pain and didn't like it, you could play golf. There was no place on board his boat for you. To make light of marlin fishing was to dishonor the fish, and he'd see you shark bait before you got away with that. Not everybody liked it that way, neat without ice. Not everybody cared that Tommy had done virtually nothing but fish since he was a boy. And fewer still considered it a vacation to be roughed up, hit upside the head with invectives, no matter how colorful, if you acted lazy or chicken or, worse, both. Tommy was the captain of his *Carabe Mand*, and if you thought you were out for a sail when you showed off at 7 a.m., you soon found out you'd been shang-

hated. Tommy Gifford believed there were "muscleheads" and "anglers," and by the Lord who put you over the big fish, if you were the former when you sailed aboard, you'd be the latter when you paid the tab.

Occasional big fish are hooked—and landed—by novices. Tommy acknowledged, but because he could list a hundred ways to lose a marlin, the odds remain very much against it. It would take teamwork and expertise to boat the giant fish he lusted after, and Tommy promised to fish a month with "a big Swede and a little Puerto Rican" he knew well, and together they would prove he wasn't kidding anybody. The Puerto Rican, he observed, had lived with marlin since he was a boy and could talk to the fish. The Swede, he claimed, had never seen a marlin but had hooked many giant tuna from rowed dories on hostile seas and had more courage than any fisherman he had ever met. That promise may be the only one Tommy Gifford never kept. He died before he could get it done and was buried as he wished, at sea, between the Tobagos where he could forever look to the north toward the 100-fathom drop-off where it is certain his fish still swims.

From Redhook, you take the Middle Passage to the drop-off, a course between Thatch Cay, Grass Cay and Minage Cay. You leave the turquoise shallows for blue water looking down Drake's Passage west between St. John's and Tortola, where you cross the invisible line that separates American from British territory. You are making north across the grounds where sailfish abound in the fall, and as you come between the Tobagos you give a little salute and look up at the outriggers, proud as peacock plumes, an innovation for fishing marlin by the man who is buried there. You know Tommy Gifford does not sleep. He is with you. A shoal of skimming flying fish that join you on your way tells you it is so.

It takes patience and great faith to troll for blue marlin. The rolling blue-water marlin grounds are vast, and your boat and the baits of cero mackerel or mullet or bullyhoo just 10 yards astern seem very tiny in such a world. You wonder how the big fish can find them, if they can

continued



see them, and why they would choose those particular baits when there are so many fish in the sea. If you fish with faith, as you must, you sit in the chair squinting astern, your eyes roving from one bait to another like a good tumpdike driver checking his mirrors.

"You're going to drill holes in the ocean," the skipper teases from the flying bridge.

"Maybe so," you answer without looking back. "I want to be ready." You know there is little real sense in what you are doing, because the chances are if a fish comes up, the captain or the mate will see it long before you do. But then you think of the Bible and wonder how well the skipper has read it. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." You're tempted to quiz him on the quotation, but you think better of it. Instead, you wait and stare at things unseen.

There are almost as many ways for marlin to take a bait as there are to lose the fish after it is hooked. The most common is the most perverse. The fish rises behind the baits, feinting at each like a boxer in the early rounds, then slashing at one, cutting at another before finally taking the one in which it seemed to show the least interest during the eternity it was following. More merciful but most frightening is the fish that bolts up out of nowhere to snatch the bait in one terrible turn, there and gone, awesome and angry. It happens so fast: you are in the chair and in the harness before you can really grasp what is happening, that it is you it is happening to, not some pretty fellow in white terry-cloth slippers you might have seen fighting marlin in a tangle without even working up a sweat. Most of all, you do not have time to wish that the fish following your baits would go away and leave you alone.

The first 10 minutes after you've driven the hook deep belongs to the fish. You belong to him, too. You are hanging on, pointing the rod at one of the most powerful and hostile forces to swim in the sea as it cuts the swells like a scythe through a field of brittle straw. Marlin have speed you can feel all the way down to your feet. To believe you have any measure of control over this first run would make you a fool, and to try to do anything but hang on and hope the fish will settle

down soon would be the act of a jester.

All good marlin fishermen must be a little bit marlin themselves. There are some men who say they would prefer to watch others fight marlin than to fight them themselves. That is like saying you would prefer to watch someone play Hamlet rather than play Hamlet yourself, or listen to someone else conduct a symphony rather than conduct the orchestra, or criticize rather than paint, read rather than write. Boasting a marlin may be more show for the watcher than for the doer, who sees little while he does it, but for absolute pride of accomplishment there are few equals in sport to being the one hooked up and sn it from beginning to end.

After your fish has made jumps that you sometimes can't be sure you saw at all, and a little bit of the fight has gone out of the fish because it failed to knock you out early, the marlin should settle down. It is then you try to wear each other out, and it can be a grim battle. You will tell yourself a dozen times after a marlin has sounded that you will never be able to bring him up, and this can be a profound feeling. You pray just to see your fish again. Whether you see it or not, you tell yourself that you are a man and there is nothing a man cannot do if he decides to do it, and suddenly you wonder whether or not you really believe it. You ache. You want to quit, and that frightens you enough to give you strength, and you ache more. You pump and crank, gain and lose, and most of all you ask yourself what the devil you are doing here fighting to the death with this fish when it has always been so easy to enjoy fighting other fish to their deaths.

You recall how suckened Tommy Gifford was when he told you about the professional football player who crumpled under "a little fish." Gifford called him "a spoiled brat who was begging somebody to take the rod," and as you remember the curl of his lip when he told you of it, you wouldn't give up the rod for any sum and you'd kill the man who tried to take it from you. It's just then you find the courage to win.

The big fish starts to come up, and you know that once it comes up it won't be able to go down again and that if the hook is well set, as you believe it is, you will hold him, you'll be able to hold on. The fish jumps once, twice, and then it

rolls off the stern, light green and flaring as it turns its shoulder and side to you. The boat pitches in the rising swells and a little squall cools you with pattering rain on your forehead, across the bridge of your nose and down your shirt and your legs to your trembling ankles. The fish stares at you and you stare at it. You pump and reel. The marlin stands off.

"Put it to him," the skipper hollers. "You're letting him rest. You got to give him better 'n that. Break his God-damn back."

You believe, you truly do, you've given that fish everything you have, and the captain's shouts make you mad. You somehow find more heave and more pump, and suddenly the mate has the wire, and you are up out of the chair and backed away to give the skipper and the mate room to bring the fish through the transom door. You feel a knot in your throat as a gaff socks him, and you grin the biggest grin you have ever grinned, although your eyes are wet, and you are almost sorry you have won the battle. There is always that instant of sadness before the joy.

You hoist a salty blue-and-white flag and listen to it crackle. You sit and stand and yak incessantly about your fish and how you beat the sharks that now surround your boat, drawn by the blood that was drawn by the gaff. You drink seed Flemish beer that burns your throat, and although it is only an average fish, 400 pounds or so, for those minutes you are the only man on earth who has ever beaten so great a fish. In the marina you watch the weighing and the vital statistics pointed on your fish's side, and when the marlin is hung upside down, you pose for the pictures and answer tourists' foolish questions as best you can, and looking back a long time later, you wonder if all of it is worth the price of being tough enough to defeat a marlin. You should promise yourself then while your marlin still hangs, never to kill another fish so wonderful unless, perhaps, with enough experience and expertise you are destined to take on Tommy Gifford's marlin and win.

That night at Rumbottom's you should definitely drink daquiris. They are the best you can drink to keep you out of yourself when you have to do a lot of talking and getting drunk seems to help it along.

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People tend to think of the Super Bowl as a ponderous institution, Roman-numeraled like potentes and world wars. But many of the Super Bowl moments that people remember are not the big plays or glorious efforts but the off-beat irregular happenings that were more droll than grandiose, more touching than explosive, more *infra dig* than super. Sometimes these moments were pivotal, in an unobtrusive or highly uncalled-for way, and sometimes they were entirely irrelevant, at least to the outcome of the game. Among the following such sidelights, some are fabled. ("People are ranking us up there with the fabled Packers and Dolphins," said Pittsburgh's Ray Mansfield after Super Bowl X last year. "It's nice to be fabled.") And some have never been publicized. All of them are the kind of things old friends of the Super Bowl might recall when they get together and start reminiscing.

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NAMATH
HUDSON



Arms, hands, legs and feet are usually the crucial bodily organs in a Super Bowl, but in '69 a mouth—Joe Namath's—was very important. Namath kept coolly promising the press that his Jets would whip the heavily-favored NFL Colts. All that talk might have set the New York team up for a severe embarrassment, but in fact it seems to have vexed some of the edge off the Colts.

Namath's finest verbal moment came well before the game. On Super Tuesday evening he and his roommate, Jim Hudson, went to a Fort Lauderdale night spot, Fazio's, for dinner, drinks and reflection. As the evening wore on into the small hours of Super Wednesday, their reflections grew louder. What they were reflecting upon was how badly they were going to overwhelm the Colts. Someone, perhaps wanting to encourage a little discretion on the part of Namath and Hudson or, on the other hand, perhaps wanting Fazio's to go down in Super Bowl history, pointed out to the bragging Jets that their words might well be reaching the ear of an interested party—Lou Michaels, the 250-pound Baltimore kicker and former defensive end, who happened to be sitting at the other end of the bar.

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MICHAELS
NAMATH

This bit of intelligence caused Namath and Hudson to reflect more loudly. What they were going to do with their winners' shares was one topic, and what a fraud the Colts were was another.

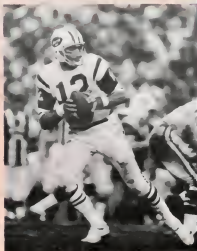
A few feet away, Michaels swallowed hard. A man of Michaels' size and NFL experience can swallow *extremely* hard. But he can only swallow so much. The pride of a whole team—a whole league—was at stake.

Michaels rose to the bait. Pretty soon he had not only acknowledged Namath's presence but had started countering his slurs. Namath had a big mouth, Michaels suggested. Namath did not deny it, but neither did he cease to run off at it. A crowd gathered. The challenges Michaels and Namath exchanged grew less and less abstract. Tension built. Michaels looked like a man on the verge of rushing a passer. The crowd was ready for the action to begin.

But Namath had poise. You don't last long as a professional quarterback without being able to side-step at just the right moment. Namath smiled. His countenance was that of a man too big to bear serious hard feelings. He pulled out a C-note.

"Let's have another drink," he proclaimed to the gathering. "everything's on me."

Everything but the joke, which was on Michaels—as, outflanked, he accepted Joe's hospitality. The big toe of the lordly Colts had allowed himself to get hot and bothered over an upstart young quarterback—who turned out to be as good as any or all of his words.



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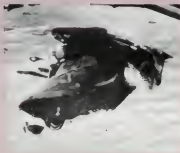
Not all Super Bowl action takes place on the field, of course, or even in lounges frequented by the players. Throughout the land a good deal of betting goes on. Money, oysters, frogs. The '69 Super Bowl was the big one for oysters and frogs.

During the days before the big game a Kansas City radio station invited its listeners to phone in and predict the outcome. Since Kansas City was an AFL town, in those days before the merger of the two leagues, most of the callers plumped for the Jets. But Kirksville, Mo., insurance salesman

Bud Palmer was a Colt fan. "If the Jets win," said Palmer on the air, "I'll eat a frog."

Well, after the Jets won Palmer received a total of thirty frogs. "I never knew there were so many different kinds," he said. "Some are live, some are wind-up toys..."

Which type did Palmer eat? Well, spite-seekers were perhaps disappointed. "I think I'll invite some of my Kansas City friends," he said, "for a frogleg dinner."





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After Super Bowl X, safety Glen "Knotty Pine" Edwards, one of the smallest Steelers and one of the fiercest, said "I hate Dallas. They try to fool folks, instead of outphysicalling them, the way football should be played." But the previous year Edwards helped beat the Vikings with a non-physical pre-game psych.

Before the opening kickoff Pittsburgh's starting defense and Minnesota's starting offense lined up along the same corridor under the stands waiting to be introduced to 80 million people. But Edwards lined up with the Viking offense! Had he defected? Taken leave of his senses? No. He had stepped over to chat with a Viking he'd known in college. Who would not acknowledge his presence. The Vikings had apparently been instructed to remain silent. None of them would utter a syllable to the bouncy, scrubby Steeler who had infiltrated their file.

"What's wrong with you guys!" demanded Edwards, looking them all over and getting exercised. What kind of jive Vikings were they, he wanted to know. They remained mute, towering over Edwards, who sighed. "You guys," he said, "better buckle up!" Then he rejoined the Steelers, having taken perhaps a bit of the snap out of the Viking attack.



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Steeler Head Coach Chuck Noll is not one of your emotional halftime roasters. But with Pittsburgh leading the Vikings only 2-0 after the half in '75, he did want to make one important point. "Make sure," he told his squad, "to start off with a good deep kick." The person to whom that injunction applied directly, of course, was kicker Roy Gerela. Gerela took it to heart. He concentrated, ran up to the ball, swung his foot and fell on his back. As he went down he managed to nudge out a little dribbler, which the Vikings fumbled and the Steelers recovered to set up their first touchdown. It was one of the biggest plays of the game. "Well," said Gerela later, "I did try to give it a little extra."

GERELA



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NOTE TO PHYSICIANS

The complete report mentioned above was published in the "Journal of The American Dietetic Association" Volume 62, February, 1973.

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SEXTON
BROWN

Two exotic dancers have appeared in Super Bowls. In New Orleans in '75 it was Sandra Sexton, from a Bourbon Street club, who just after the end of the first half ran out onto the field wearing white stiletto-heel boots and a mink coat. Then she took off the mink, revealing a tiny costume and most of herself: 42-24-42. Then she took off.

Two guards caught up with her after a brief chase—but she came up with a great second effort. She broke away. Seized again, she was escorted from the Sugar Bowl, but she had gained more yardage on the ground nearly naked than the Vikings had in full pads, with blockers.

"She's a little hard to handle," said the "show director" at the club where she danced. "She is rather uncommon and really loves men—old men, fat men, thin men, bald ones. She's got a crush on one of the players." He didn't say whether it was an old fat one or a thin bald one.

Last year in Miami the lissome interloper was Bambi Brown from Atlanta. It was early in the fourth quarter and Dallas was ahead 10-7. "I looked up," said Dallas tackle Rayfield Wright, "and there was this woman dashing through our huddle. I remember thinking, 'What's she doing here?'"

She was wearing a loose-fitting striped pants-suit affair and a cowboy hat, all of which, oddly enough, she kept on. She did remove from her ankle a silver chain with a tiny horseshoe on it. "Here," she said to Wright, "this will give you good luck."

"I just threw it away," said Wright after the game. "I don't believe in that kind of stuff. That charm's probably still out there on the field."

Two plays after Bambi's visit, the Steelers blocked a Dallas punt for a safety. Not long thereafter they went ahead for good.

"Maybe I should have held on to that damn charm," said Wright later.

But, then, Ms. Sexton had proved the year before that an ecadysian's charms are not easy to hold.



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YEPREMIAN



Probably the most famous peculiar moment—if not the most famous moment period—in Super Bowl history was Garo Yepremian's pass in '73. It was funny to millions of people, but not to Yepremian. The 5'8" Cypriot placekicker who designs ties on the side was afraid he had fashioned, though not by design, something worse than a tie.

The Dolphin machine had established firm control over the game and was leading the Redskins 14-0 when Yepremian attempted a field goal. "Garo hit it good," said his holder, Earl Morrall, "but the ball didn't get up in the air fast enough."

The ball deserves some of the blame, or credit, then, for what happened next. The kick was blocked. The ball bounced back toward Yepremian. Another mistake, or inspired move, on the ball's part. Huge rushers loomed about Garo. "I picked the ball up," he said, "but my mind went blank."

So maybe it was the ball that came up with the idea of passing. "I'm not used to throwing," Yepremian observed later. "I kick with my left foot, but I throw with my right hand."

That hand it was from which the ball slipped as



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YEPREMIAN



Garo drew back to toss. For a while, the ball bobbed around Yepremian's shoulders. Then he got one or the other of his hands on it, and batted it, and at last the ball went into the air. (Yepremian never seems to have given any consideration to running with it. He weighs 175 pounds.) The ball had not been in the air long when Mike Bass of Washington grabbed it. After brushing off a Yepremian tackle which resembled the Yepremian pass, Bass ran 49 yards for a touchdown.

Garo returned to his usual station on the sidelines, and stood there horrified. He is not the most placid man in football anyway. Once as a rookie he had to slap himself in the cheek to make it stop twitching. Now he was distraught.

"I thought I gave the game away," he said. "I never prayed so much.

"And God came through for me."

Yes, the Dolphins held on to win, sparing Yepremian Super-gothood. Garo was still wincing, however, during the victory celebration. "I sorry I got so rattled. I had no business doing that. That championship ring will hang heavy on my hand."



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SHULA
MORRALL



Next summer in training camp, Miami head coach Don Shula did not let Yepremian forget his celebrated move. "We set up a drill," says Shula. "We had Morrall let the ball slip through his fingers. I yelled at Garo, 'Fall on it! Fall on it!'"

Stunned, Yepremian obeyed. "He hurt his knee when he fell on it," says Shula. "But I don't think he'll ever try to pass again."

Probably not. But once was enough. If there ever was a human moment in the Super Bowl, it was when Garo acted out what the average person would do if he found himself holding a live ball, in play, on an NFL gridiron. Panic. If Grantland Rice were still around covering games poetically, he might conceivably put it this way:

Namath and Francis and Johnny U.

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But for drama, why gimme an

Old boy like Yepremian

Who'll never be forgotten for the
single time he threw.



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HOLMES



FURNESS GREENWOOD



WHITE



GREENE

Baseball's Oakland A's have proved that intra-squad squabbling needn't hold a team back. But harmony is a nice championship virtue too. During Super Week '76 a TV crew was at the Steeler hotel filming interviews with the Steelers' celebrated Front Four—Jon Greene, L.C. Greenwood, Ernie Holmes and Dwight White. Suddenly Steeler reserve Reggie Harrison hollered across the pool to the TV people, "Why don't you talk to the MVP of the Front Four? And he pointed to Steve Furness, who had played outstandingly in relief of the injured Greene and hadn't gotten much credit for it. Harrison's remark was notable because the assumption is that football players stick up for each other along racial lines, and Furness is white while Harrison and the famous Four are black. During the Bowl itself, Greene realized he was holding the Four back and stepped aside for Furness. Greene is intensely proud; didn't he feel frustrated at having to leave the game? "No," he maintained calmly in the dressing room. "I try to be a man in all things."

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It should never be forgotten that Super Bowl figures have mundane problems. Kansas City linebacker Bobby Bell, a resident of Minnesota, was asked how he felt about the first Super Bowl's being held at a neutral site. "I don't like it," he said. "Now I have to pay taxes in three states."



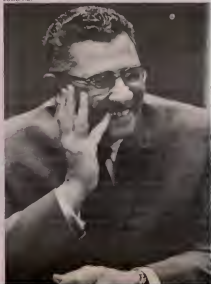
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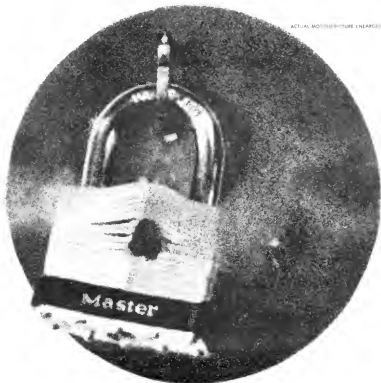
On the day of the '68 game in Miami, a San Francisco man known with good reason as Jimmy the Gatecrasher parked his car in the lot of the hotel where the Packers were staying, and coolly boarded the Packer team bus. He accompanied the team all the way into the stadium. There, however, a cop grabbed him, and hauled him before Vince Lombardi, who glared at him non-permissively.

Jimmy the G. did not give up easily. "Listen," he told Lombardi. "This was the only way I could do it. I come all the way from the Coast. I don't have a ticket, Mr. Lombardi, it's up to you."

Faint heart never won Lombardi. "What the hell," the coach said after a pause. "The man has dedication. Turn him loose." The Crasher disappeared into the stands, where he dedicatedly enjoyed the game.

LOMBARDI





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ROZELLE

Until Super Bowl IV, "Super Bowl" was not the official name of the game. It was the AFL-NFL World Championship Game. In fact when Oscar Riedener of Tiffany & Co. presented the model of the first Super Bowl trophy to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle for his approval, Rozelle demanded a change. The words "Super Bowl" were to be removed. "He said it cheapened the trophy," said Riedener.

WHITAKER



Television makes a big production of the Super Bowl now, but remember the first game in '67? It was hotly contested not only by two teams but also by two networks. CBS, which had rights to NFL games, and NBC, which had the AFL, broadcast the big event simultaneously. Each network touted its Supercoverage heavily during the first annual Super Buildup Period. NBC went so far as to advertise its upcoming Supercast on a show called "Atom Ant," which went on the air at 9:30 a.m. and was addressed to viewers aged 3 to 8. Jack Whitaker, one of the four CBS announcers, gave up breakfast during Super Week in order to get into the best possible trim. "This is serious stuff," said Whitaker. "But we'll be okay, right after the first adjective."

What was the first adjective? History does not tell us. But ten to one it had five letters, began with S, and rhymed with "grouper."

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UMIROYAL





An unsung stalwart in the '75 game was Steeler Ed Bradley (now with Seattle), who took over at middle linebacker when then-rookie sensation Jack Lambert was injured early in the second half. Bradley played so well that hardly anyone noticed that Lambert was out, which meant that hardly anyone noticed that Bradley was in. After laboring in obscurity and on suicide squads for two years, Bradley was still lost in the crowd; but he could be proud of having risen to the Super occasion.

There was one man prouder, though. For an hour during the Steeler victory party that man stood outside looking in and crying. All sorts of hangers-on found their way into the party, but the crying man couldn't convince anyone that he belonged there. Until finally his son caught sight of him, brought him into the party, embraced him and started crying too. The man was Ed Bradley Sr., who played for two years with the Chicago Bears in the early '50s before returning to ordinary life. On another occasion Ed Jr. had said, "These days my father's working somewhere with his hands out in the weather, the cold and everything. Which he likes. . . I have a football he gave me the day I was born. Signed by Johnny Lujack, Bulldog Turner, Ed Sprinkle, all the Bears. I don't know. Football's been my life."

A Steeler official who'd noticed the weeping man outside the party felt bad when he realized who he was. "I've met Ed Bradley's father before," he said. "But he was crying so hard I didn't recognize him."

BRADLEY



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Veteran Pittsburgh center Ray Mansfield got a shock when he took the field for Super Bowl X. A Cowboy came up to him and said, "Hi, Mr. Mansfield."

The Cowboy turned out to be Ron Howard, who had been a high school sophomore in Pasco, Wash., in 1968, when Mansfield was doing his student teaching there in order to finish up his education degree from the University of Washington. Mansfield had lost track of the lad since, and didn't realize that they were due to meet again on the field of battle.

"You never expect to see a kid you had in class out there trying to knock your head off," said Mansfield. How did it make him feel? "Old."

HOWARD



MANSFIELD



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energy decisions America must make. These include leasing of offshore drilling sites, development of Arctic gas supplies, new projects in coal gasification.

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Action is urgently needed on all these fronts so we can keep America supplied with gas. We need your understanding and support to solve the critical gas shortage, and your help in saving gas.

AGA American Gas Association



The man who holds the Super Bowl record for deriving the most effect from a single word is Duane Thomas, Dallas, '72. Thomas had already proved that he could string more than one word together. Once he said, in regard to running with the football, "Sometimes it's like being in the mountains, maybe like Jamaica, but then there's sunlight streaming down a narrow lane and you stop feeling the mountains and just follow the sunlight."

THOMAS

Post-game interviewers were gratified by Thomas's eloquence following the Cowboys' Super loss in '71. "Now that it's over," he said, "I simply want to sit on the beach somewhere and watch the sun disappear into the ocean. I want to contemplate what has happened. I hope that I have been enriched by the disappointment. There is something noble in defeat. You cannot find victory unless you first understand defeat."



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THOMAS
BROOKSHIER

But by Super Week '72 Thomas had fallen out with Dallas management and had become, to put it mildly, taciturn. He wasn't even saying much to teammates. "I like to communicate with him," said guard John Niland. "Of course, the answers he gives me are two, three words, but I can see something in his eyes when he responds." To the press, almost the only thing Thomas consented to say all week was, once, "What time is it?"

A Philadelphia reporter took a shot at turning the tables by sending a note to Thomas's hotel room: "I want you to know that under no circumstances will I talk to you. If you attempt to give me an interview I will not talk to you. You cannot make me write one single word about you." That sally elicited Thomas's only other recorded pregame statement: "This man crazy?"

During the game he was much more expressive. He slashed, cut and burst to more running yards than Miami's Csonka and Kick put together, and Dallas won 24-3. The Super moment for which Thomas will be remembered longest, however, came in the dressing room, when TV interviewer Tom Brookshier found Thomas standing next to him, apparently waiting to be interviewed live. No more than semi-pleasantly surprised by Thomas's apparent accessibility, and intent upon framing a query that would not turn him off into silence, Brookshier proceeded more and more nervously into what he later described as "a thirty-second question about speed," which "almost ended my life."

The question went on and on, about Thomas's ability to shoot past people. Was he...ah..., considering the way tacklers missed him, ah..., was he as fast, or, ah..., faster than he...appeared to be?

Thomas waited for one or two beats. Then he said, simply, "Evidently."

And a heavy silence descended upon Brookshier and across the land.

"That was sort of an inane question, I guess," admitted Brookshier later. He said he had received phone calls from around the country regarding the interview: "People were upset because they felt Thomas had been burning with animosity toward me. In my opinion, there was no animosity at all. I don't think he *liked* me, but I didn't sense any animosity."

Neither, probably, did he notice a whole lot of sunlight streaming





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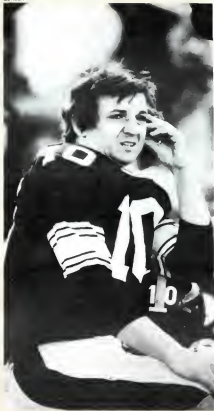


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You never can tell what is going to be a factor in the Super Bowl. Roy Gerela's kicking in X was sub-par for two reasons. On the opening kickoff, he threw his ribcage in front of Dallas's Thomas Henderson at the Pittsburgh 44, thereby preventing a touchdown but also getting himself shaken up. And before the opening kickoff, he didn't get to take as many practice kicks as usual because all his warmup balls went into the stands. Unaccountably, someone had taken down the net that had been put up to catch the practice kicks at the Steelers' end of the field, although the Cowboys' net remained at the other end. Spectators who caught the balls—though that endzone section was full of Pittsburgh supporters—refused to return them unless they were given the miniature souvenir balls someone had told them they would receive in exchange. So, after snitching one of the Cowboys' practice balls and kicking that, Gerela went into the stands—stepping on a customer's ankle in the process—and dragged a man out of his fourth-row seat in order to retrieve a ball for one more kick. Several fans shoved Gerela. A security guard and several Miami cops had to escort him back down onto the field. "Our fans hit him harder than the Cowboy players did," marveled a Steeler. After the game at least one of those fans sued the kicker, to boot.

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Some of the most heartfelt contact in the Super Bowl has not been what you would strictly call blocking or tackling. In '76 Dallas's Cliff Harris, whose smasher instinct is so uninhibited that his own teammates have spoken of being afraid he would hit them, warned before the big game that Lynn Swann had better watch his head. That may sound physically impossible, but Swann, just recovering from a concussion, knew what he meant. Swann was not intimidated, however, so Harris tried getting under Roy Gerela's skin. When the Steeler kicker missed a field goal, Harris told him "nice going" and gave him a little slap on the helmet.

HARRIS

LAMBERT



"He just kind of tapped me," said Gerela, but middle linebacker Jack Lambert—who earlier in the week had said of Roger Staubach, "I hope a shark bites his arms off"—felt his kicker was being pushed around.

"Harris jumped up in his face," said Lambert, "and slapped his helmet a couple of times. He laughed in Gerela's face. When I see injustice, I try to do something about it. I didn't say anything. I just threw him on the ground."

So he did. Several seconds after the whistle, Lambert grabbed the Dallas safety by the shoulder pads and threw him down flat, the way John Wayne might have dealt with a bad guy who was bothering a lady. Later in the game Harris blitzed and knocked Terry Bradshaw cold, but not until a split-second after the Steeler quarterback released a touchdown bomb to Swann. As for Lambert, who says "I happen to be a man who yells a lot," he got so worked up during the game that he flung off the forearm pads he wears customarily. "I want to hurt some people," he explained to Steeler field manager Jackie Hart.





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As the Lambert-Harris fling established, the most painful blows can be to one's pride. During the '69 game New York's Johnny Sample intercepted a pass and then tapped Colt receiver Willie Richardson on the head with the ball. He also pointed his finger at the seething Baltimore bench and gave them a little lecture on the perils of underestimating the Jets. Then, right after another Jet interception, Sample and Colt running back Tom Matte began screaming at each other on the field. Finally Matte could put up with Sample's goading no longer. He lowered his horns and charged, from ten yards away. Sample stood there calmly until the last moment. Then just as Matte arrived Sample dipped into a perfect body block that turned Matte end over end through the air. As Matte went into a frenzy, and his teammates held him back, Sample stood there laughing.

Ah, yes, the old last laugh. Matte must have tasted frustration for a month. But maybe not. Maybe he got over it as quickly as Fred Williamson of the Chiefs claimed he was going to get over his flop in Super Bowl I. Williamson, a cornerback, had been strutting, wearing white shoes and telling *Life* magazine how he was going to intimidate Green Bay with "The Hammer," a special forearm shiver which he claimed was death to receivers. But the Packers handled the Chiefs easily, and, symptomatically, it was Williamson, not one of his targets, who got knocked out of the game.

He must feel pretty crestfallen, the press suggested to Williamson in the dressing room afterward. Williamson just kept pulling his fancy shirt on over his deflated forearm. "A little rest," he said, "and a little nighty-night will cure me."



MATTE
SAMPLE



WILLIAMSON





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PRE-GAME

ROONEY



The little Super things mean a lot. Who knows what human-interest moments will crop up in Super Bowl XI? Maybe some player's mother will run out onto the field, begging him to be careful. Maybe two players will get to talking during the game, realize for the first time that they were in the same Sunday School class at the age of six and used to fight all the time there, and one word will lead to another and they'll start fighting again. Maybe a *defensive lineman* will lose his head and try to throw a pass. Or a *coach*. I mean that a coach will try to throw a pass, not that a defensive lineman will try to throw a coach. But that may happen too. Super Bowl participants aren't perfect.

After all, as Steeler patriarch Art Rooney once said about quarterbacks, "they're just human people."

by Roy Blount, Jr.

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"IT'S A SONY."

An ex-doormat cleans up

Nationally ranked and fighting for the Southwest Conference title, Arkansas' homegrown talent is showing its fans that football isn't the only game in town

Like Yankees and renevoors, college basketball has never stood for much in the Ozark state. So it was interesting to observe in Little Rock last week just how far Arkansas has come in the indoor sport. On Thursday night the unbeaten, 17th-ranked Razorbacks played Memphis State before a Barton Coliseum sellout 8,193, the largest crowd ever to see the team in the state. But, alas, the game also showed that Arkansas has a way to go, because it played in sloppy fashion and lost 69-62.

If Arkansas, the co-favorite with Houston for the Southwest Conference title, represents the best the league has to offer, then it is still lagging behind the established powers of the college game. But sure as Brown vs. the Board, the conference and the Razorbacks are moving toward parity with all deliberate speed.

When 40-year-old Coach Eddie Sutton arrived from Creighton two years ago, Arkansas had seven losing records in its last nine seasons, and hardly a man alive remembered—or cared to remember—that the Razorbacks had dominated the SWC from the mid-1920s to the late 1940s. Sutton did not know it either, but he had come to like the Razorbacks' potential. He admits he might have come to Arkansas in 1970, but after sampling the atmosphere around Fayetteville he decided he would be much better off staying in Omaha. "The school wasn't ready to make a commitment to basketball then," Sutton says. "The thinking was still all-football. But when I came back for another interview four years later I saw a big change. Athletic Director [and recently resigned head football coach] Frank Broyles told me the school was finally anxious for basketball success, too. It was willing to upgrade the facilities and rally the state behind the program. I'd always considered myself a boulder and I saw that, with work, Arkansas could surely do in basketball what it had done in football."

It has not taken Sutton long. He was 17-9 his first year, finishing second in the league ("We should have won," he says) and winning conference Coach of the Year honors. Last season the Razorbacks improved to 19-9. Among the victories, the most for a Razorback team in 34 seasons, was a stunning 92-47 demolition of Houston in the Cougars' first SWC game. This year, with a team that is not mature, deep, big or overly talented, Sutton had directed Arkansas to eight straight wins before coming up against Memphis State. Significantly, two of the Razorbacks' victims were traditional Big Eight powers Kansas (67-63) and Kansas State (80-65). The triumph at Lawrence over the Jayhawks was the first by any SWC team.

"I think we can accomplish in basketball what Alabama has begun to do," says Sutton. "In fact, our whole league is beginning to upgrade basketball the way the Southeastern Conference has done. The fans here are real excited, even though I don't feel we've accomplished all that much on the court. We've built enthusiasm and acceptance among the people in the state. They are beginning to follow us and understand the game better. They actually applauded when we went into our delay game to protect an eight-point lead at home against Kansas State. A year ago they wouldn't have understood what was going on."

The football-oriented fans are buying tickets almost as quickly as they are learning the nuances of basketball. This year, for the first time in its history, the Arkansas basketball program will make money. It was that kind of bottom-line success that helped to get Sutton promoted to Assistant Athletic Director last July. Fayetteville's Barnhill Fieldhouse and Barton Coliseum are sold out for all remaining home games. And Barnhill is undergoing a renovation that will add 6,000 seats next year, increasing its capacity to almost 10,000. Sutton is lucky.



Sidney Moncrief (32), generously listed as 6' 4", is Arkansas' "big" man under the boards

too, in that most of the fans are accustomed to the wide-open spaces of football stadiums and don't realize that many of the new seats are too far away to see exactly what is going on. But then, they may be enthusiastic enough not to really care. So far it's just been a lot of whooping and hollering and "Whoop, Pig Soocy!"

The Razorbacks are a team worth hollering about, even if they are full of puzzling contradictions. They have, for example, only one outstanding shooter, yet because of careful shot selection Arkansas' field-goal accuracy is 55%. In addition, the team's modest size belies the fact that it averages 10 rebounds more per game than taller opponents. Furthermore, while anybody can hold down the score by holding the ball, Arkansas has given up an average of 60 points a game on defense while scoring 78. And, finally, there is this greatest of all contradictions: the Razorbacks got off to a national ranking and their best start since 1943 with what is basically a three-man team. Marvin Delph, Ron Brewer and Sidney Moncrief are all listed at 6' 4", and all score in double figures. The other two starters, 6' 10" Steve Stroud and 6' 7" Jim Counce produce only 12 points and

continued

10 rebounds a game between them. Before last week's contest, Memphis State star Dexter Reed said, "I don't see how a three-man team can beat our five-man team." He was right, but for most of the game it looked as if he would be wrong.

The Razorbacks led in the half 31-27 and did not fall behind permanently until 6:20 remained in the game. Most years a Memphis State team with only one loss in nine games would have killed an Arkansas team of any description, but the Razorbacks' harassing defense kept the Tiger shooters at 40% and the pesky rebounders controlled the boards. In other words, Arkansas was doing to Memphis State what it had done to every other team it played. That the Razorbacks were also missing free throws and committing turnovers was nothing new, either. But what Coach Sutton did not expect was the way his well-drilled team gradually lost its poise, forcing shots, self-destructing against the Tigers' mediocre press and generally looking the way Arkansas basketball teams used to look.

"We were awful," Sutton admitted later. "It was one of the worst games a team of mine has ever played. And as bad as we were, I can't believe we lost most of the way and lost by only seven."

The team stayed close because, as bad as it played and as unimposing as it appears, the Razorbacks really are pretty good. Junior Forward Delph can shoot with anybody from long range and is averaging 20.5 points a game. But Sutton says he "lives in fear of the night we face a zone and Marvin is on the bench with foul trouble." Brewer, another junior, is the best all-around player, which is to say the best ball handler and defender and the most versatile scorer. It is Moncrief, though, who is the most interesting member of the triumvirate.

The 185-pound sophomore cannot shoot much beyond 10 feet and he cannot stand much over 6' 3½", but he remains the team's leading field-goal shooter (66%) and rebounder (seven per game). He moves in and out beneath the tall timber like a rabbit, scurrying here, darting there, scrambling for the ball everywhere. "People look at me and say I can't do much under the basket, and I surprise them," he says. "I like my opponents to be tall. It's more of a challenge that way."

Sutton considers Moncrief "an over-achiever." The same might be said of the entire team. Even Moncrief says, "We

don't have great talent. With us it's mostly hard work."

For all their success on the court there are two other things Sutton especially likes about Delph, Brewer and Moncrief. As Arkansians, they represent a successful in-state recruiting program. And, as underclassmen, they represent continuing success. "We got off to such a great start that people forgot how young we are," says Sutton. "We'll continue to do well, although we could have some more games like the one against Memphis State. But I think even that one is going to make us better for the conference race. We might win it this year, and next season we have a chance to be awfully good."

It is no easy journey from awful to awfully good, but Arkansas is committed, and the Razorbacks are picking up the pace as they go.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST They're just unbelievable," said Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps after Kentucky had stomped his team 102-78. Kentucky shot 65%, Jack Givens leading the way by hitting 15 of 19 shots from the floor. Rick Robey, Mike Phillips and James Lee teamed up for 43 more points and took down 37 rebounds. After one Lee slam dunk, a coal baron bought drinks for 200 bar patrons, thereby establishing the value of Lee's feat at a cool \$312. So impressive were the Wildcats and so ecstatic were their fans over the win against the previously undefeated Irish that Kentuckians began calling it their best team ever.

For the ninth straight year, Marquette swept the Milwaukee Classic. Clemson, which faced the Warriors in the first round, came to town with an 8-0 record and a 104.4-point scoring average. The Tigers lost 67-49 in 6' 10" Jerome Whitehead held 7' 1" Wayne (Tree) Rollins to two points. Clemson built up its scoring average in the consolation game, thrashing Boston College 128-76. Marquette disposed of Wisconsin in the title match 66-57 as MVP Butch Lee and Bo Ellis produced 30 of the Warriors' 33 points in the second half. On New Year's Eve, Lee and Ellis teamed up again to score all 40 of the Warriors' points during a 24-minute, 40-second span against Northwestern. Lee finished the game with 29 points, Ellis with 17 as Marquette won 66-53.

Alabama and Minnesota both brought their records to 9-0. The Tide applied Western

Michigan 83-74, while the Gophers took the Pillbury Classic in Bloomington, Minn. by downing Cornell 84-54 and Montana 102-81. Kevin McHale, a 6' 10" Gopher freshman, earned MVP honors by scoring 36 points.

Holy Cross lost for the first time this season, wiped out 101-85 by Florida in the Gator Bowl finale.

1. KENTUCKY (7-1)

2. MICHIGAN (9-1) 3. NOTRE DAME (7-1)

EAST That there is no place like home for the holidays was proved by Providence, Maryland, UNC-Charlotte and Old Dominion, all of which won tournaments right in their own backyards. No one enjoyed ringing out the old year more than Providence, which stunned top-ranked Michigan to take the Industrial National Classic. En route to their championship matchup, the Friars topped Texas 81-67 as Joe Hassett had 26 points; and the Wolverines, despite 32 points by the Rams' Sly Williams, dealt Rhode Island its first setback 95-85.

Before facing Michigan, Providence Coach Dave Gavitt was asked what his tactics would be. His reply, "Prayer." Also helping out were a variety of zone defenses, a potent offense, 10 blocked shots by Bob Cooper, 25 points and 10 rebounds by Bruce Campbell and 21 points by Hassett. At the end of regulation time both teams had 62 points, for Michigan 31 below its season's average. Each team scored a dozen more in the first overtime period, with Bob Muevicious of the Friars netting a field goal with 12 seconds to go to knot the score. In the second overtime period, Muevicious came back with another providential shot, taking a feed from Campbell and banking in an 8-footer with three seconds left for an 82-81 Friar lead. That margin held up when a final desperation shot by Michigan's Joel Thompson rimmed the basket. Wolverine sophomore Paul Hubbard, who had 27 points and 16 rebounds in the title game, was named the tournament's MVP.

"I ain't afraid of nobody," said Coach Lefty Driesell after his Terps won their own Maryland Invitational. What made Lefty feel right frisky was that his team had clobbered Xavier of Ohio 84-74 in the opening round and then belied its nickname by racing past a Syracuse squad that dared to run with it. In that 96-85 final-game triumph, Otyngian Steve Sheppard was at his best as the Terps took their ninth straight since being dumped by Notre Dame in their opener. Sheppard, the tournament MVP, directed the Terps all over the court and scored 26 points.

Loquacious Lefty couldn't say enough kind words about his team, adding, "I was really pleased with our defense. We denied them the ball made and rebounded with authority, aggressively, mean—the way I want it."

A last-second 17-foot jumper by New Hampshire's Keith Dickson tipped Davidson

63-62 to assure that the Charlotte Invitational would not feature an all-North Carolina final. Then UNC-Charlotte forced 30 turnovers in drubbing Brown 97-81 to prevent an all-New England final. Finally, in a 104-68 title game victory, the 49ers made New Hampshire cough up the ball 24 times. MVP Cedric (Cicombendi) Maxwell of UNCC had a total of 41 points.

With Mississippi State and Wake Forest—both 7-0—in the field, host Old Dominion was not expected to win the Kiwanis Old Dominion Classic in Norfolk. On top of that, this is the first season of Division I play for the Monarchs, and they had already lost twice. When the undefeated met, the Bulldogs stopped the Deacons 88-83 as freshman Center Rocky Brown, looking more and more like Bob McAdoo, repeatedly hit on fallaway jumpers, scored 29 points and grabbed 14 rebounds. Old Dominion won its opener from Dartmouth 95-70 to advance to the rowdy finale in which Reese Neyland of the Monarchs suffered a fractured cheek and Jeff Fuhrmann of Mississippi State a broken wrist. Brown was unhurt, but 6'10" Wilson Washington limped him to 6-for-19 shooting as Old Dominion won 82-78. Ronny Valentine, a 6'7" Monarch freshman from Norfolk, got the MVP award by scoring 34 points in the tournament. Wake Forest finished third by beating Dartmouth 84-61 and then traveled to Richmond, where Jerry Schellenberg had 32 points in an 84-71 win.

Home-town squads did not sweep all the tournaments, however. Purdue won the ECAC Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden, getting a bye into the semifinals and then knocking off Georgetown 83-65 and Manhattan 70-60. The Jaspers made the championship game by topping LIU 60-56, and converting 32 of 39 foul shots to upset Penn 66-61. Instead of relaxing at halftime, the Boilermakers' Walter Jordan skipped rope during the intermission of the championship game in an attempt to overcome a tendency to tighten up between halves. Loose and ready, he pumped in 14 second-half points against Manhattan to finish the game with 25 points and MVP honors.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (8-1)

2. MARYLAND (8-1) 3. PROVIDENCE (7-2)

WEST

In Honolulu it was San Francisco that claimed the pot at the end of the Rainbow Classic. The Dons remained unbeaten by shooting 60% while downing St. John's 80-70, by shooting 61.3% while crunching Arizona State 114-96 and by holding off Houston 86-81. MVP Ous Birdsong of Houston, who swished 15 of 23 shots and had 35 points against the Dons, wound up with 94 points in three games. A couple of Dons also gave the nets a workout. Marlon Redmond tossing in 57 points and Bill Cartwright adding 46.

Even rougher on the cords was 6'6" Forward Anthony Roberts of Oral Roberts, the MVP of the Far West tournament in Portland, Ore., who had 137 points in three games, including 48 in an 83-76 win over Bowling Green State. It was North Carolina that came out on top, stopping the Titans 100-84 (despite Roberts' 46 points), zapping Oregon 86-60 and then swamping Weber State 75-54. The Tar Heels won hands down by using "hands up" tactics, shutting a fresh player into the game whenever one on the floor signaled for a breather by raising a hand.

Before the Reno Classic, Utah Assistant Coach Gerry Gimelstob sat at a roulette table and bet on the numbers worn by the Utes' starting five. He won \$150 and promptly walked away. Utah then walked off with the tournament, whipping Idaho 102-66 and, with MVP Buster Matheny scoring 27 points and Jeff Jonas dealing out 19 assists, crushing Nevada-Reno 97-67. The Utes improved their record to 9-3 with a 102-78 romp over Utah State as Jonas had 13 more assists.

Washington took the first Cabo Blanco tournament in San Diego, defeating Texas-El Paso 54-49 and La Salle 114-94. MVP James Edwards scoring 33 points and grabbing 17 rebounds. The talk of the tournament was Michael Brooks, a 6'7" Explorer freshman who had 46 points and 27 rebounds. In his last four games, Brooks has scored 117 points.

In winning its own Holiday Classic for the sixth straight time, Nevada-Las Vegas got a lift from its smallest player, 5'11" Robert Smith. Thirty-three points, 16 assists and five steals made Smith the MVP and enabled the Rebels to wallop Eastern Michigan 109-85 and St. Mary's of California 101-84.

Not everybody played in a classic. UCLA won twice as Marques Johnson excelled. His 17 points and 16 rebounds backboned a 99-71 win over SMU. Johnson was even better in an 88-68 defeat of Utah State, driving, stuffing and hitting from the corners as he made 15 of 23 shots and scored 31 points. Mike Santos put in 30 points for the Aggies.

With Bob Elliott and Herman Harris combining for 28 second-half points, Arizona overcame Stanford 90-82. Elliott added 27 more as the Wildcats glided past SMU 117-85.

Washington State downed Fresno State 69-62 and Southwestern Louisiana 54-51.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (15-0)

2. ARIZONA (10-1) 3. UCLA (9-1)

MIDWEST

The Louisville Cardinals' 69-66 win over the Creighton Bluejays in the Louisville Holiday Classic was definitely not for the birds, but a tussle featuring chess-like strategy that was a treat for connoisseurs of the game. When Coach Denney Crum would order Louisville into its four-corner offense, Coach Tom Apke

would have Creighton counter with a pressing 1-3-1 defense. When Apke would use his four-corner setup, Crum would abandon his zone and go man-to-man.

Up by three late in regulation time, Apke called for his four-corners. This time Crum responded with a spread-out 3-2 zone. That didn't work, so Crum had his Cardinals revert to man-to-man. That did it. Phillip Bond and freshman Darrell Griffith converted steals into baskets and Louisville led 57-56. But Creighton's John Johnson sank a pair of free throws with two seconds left for a 60-60 tie. Each team scored just two points in the first extra period. In the second overtime, Louisville got five straight points, four of them by Ricky Gallon, to win.

In the tournament's first round, Creighton led Auburn by 15 points most of the second half before the subs finished off an 81-76 win. The Bluejays easily disposed of Auburn and its huge front line, which averages 6'8" and 225 pounds, forcing 27 turnovers, riding the Tigers' zone in the first half and breaking their unimpaired press in the second half. Louisville, though, needed a remarkable spurt to overhaul Rutgers. Trailing 52-44, the Cardinals, led by Griffith, scored 22 straight points on their way to a 76-68 win. Griffith, who put in 14 of his 18 points in the second half, shared MVP honors with Creighton's Rich Apke, the coach's brother, who had a total of 40 points.

Missouri won its first-round game in the Big Eight tournament by drubbing Iowa State 81-67, thanks in part to what is believed to be the first nine-point play ever. Leading by 14 late in the first half, Stan Ray of the Tigers sank a layup. When an intentional foul was called on a Cyclone on that basket, the State bench erupted. First-year Coach Lynn Nance, who earlier was hit with a technical foul, promptly drew two more and was ejected. His assistant, Dave Harshman, was given another technical. Ray then hit one of his two foul shots, after which Scott Sims went to the line for six tries, thus being the first season that a team gets two shots for a technical. Sims made all of his attempts and Missouri led by 23.

Unimpressed by it all was sophomore Guard Emmett Lewis of Colorado, which faced Missouri next. Said Lewis, who came into the tournament as the conference's top scorer, "Missouri walks around the hotel cocky—46's about time they found out they're not that good." The Tigers, though, were good enough to win 86-77 and hold Lewis to eight points.

In the finale, Missouri met Kansas, which had beaten Oklahoma 74-70 and Kansas State 81-64. Kim Anderson netted 22 points and pulled down 14 rebounds for a 69-65 Tiger win, their fifth Big Eight Holiday Tournament crown in six years.

1. CINCINNATI (9-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (7-2) 3. ARKANSAS (8-1)

Tender, but oh so tough

With an infusion of youth and muscle, the Rangers find some respectability

As the bus carrying the victorious New York Rangers pulled away from the Capital Centre in Landover, Md. and headed for the Baltimore airport one night last week, Ken Hodge shouted from a front-row seat, "So that's the first time the Rangers have ever beaten the Capitals down here, eh?" Then, from the back of the bus, Don (Murder) Murdoch hollered, "Hey, Hodge, don't live in the past."

Murdoch is an NHL rookie, a 20-year-old kid who played in Medicine Hat, Alberta last year, but he knows well that the Rangers' past is not worth talking about. Emile Francis' Fat Cats had the highest payroll in the game but never won anything. The jokes around Manhattan were that the blue in the Rangers' uniforms matched the players' bloodlines, that they threw around cheques rather than checks, and that the corners they frequented were on Park Avenue—not on the ice at Madison Square Garden. But all that is part of the sorry past.

Indeed, the only resemblance between the Fat Cats of Francis and the present Rangers of General Manager-Coach John Ferguson is that the feisty new Rangers also wear skates. Dismissed as "rebuilding" in preseason analyses, Ferguson's Rangers have lost only four of their last 21 games and are battling Atlanta for third place—and the last play-off position—in the Patrick Division, hockey's toughest. In fact, the Rangers have 42 points, which ties them for the seventh best record in the 18-team NHL.

and if they were in the sickly Smythe Division, they would be comfortably in first place.

At the heart of Ferguson's Ranger revival have been Murdoch, a right-wing sniper who has scored 28 goals this season, more than anyone except Montreal's Steve Shutt or Guy Lafleur; Nick Fotiu, an enforcer from Staten Island who used to commute to the Garden by ferry; Ron Greschner, Dave Maloney, Mike McEwen and Dave Farrish, the youngest defense this side of Saskatoon; and Gilles Gratton, a nomadic goaltender who be-

lieves he is the reincarnation of a 16th-century Spanish soldier stabbed to death in battle.

When Ferguson replaced the fired Francis a year ago, the Rangers were demoralized, disorganized and en route to a) the worst defensive record in their 50-year history and b) no first-place finish or Stanley Cup for the 35th straight season. The U.S.S.R. Coach Konstantin Loktev perfectly assessed the Rangers' problems after the Soviets routed them 7-3 two weeks before Ferguson took charge. "The New York players," Lok-



Rookie Don Murdoch has scored 28 goals but says the NHL is "lame" compared to Medicine Hat

tev said, "all skate in a very heavy way."

What bothered Ferguson most about the Rangers he inherited was their pacifist posture on the ice. Hockey's best policeman-enforcer when he played for Montreal, Ferguson was appalled one night when the Rangers watched meekly as Atlanta's Curt Bennett knocked out Maloney in a one-punch fight. "I swore that would never happen again," Ferguson says. "Right after that game I went into the hallway, found Fotu's agent and told him I wanted Nicky at our training camp in September for some respectability."

The WHA's New England Whalers gave Fotu to Ferguson in return for two exhibition games against the Rangers in Hartford, and to put Fotu's role into proper perspective, Ferguson assigned him the same No. 22 that Ferguson had worn for the Canadiens. A former New York Police Athletic League boxing champion, Fotu has scored only one goal this season—but rival toughs now think twice before they start fights with any of his teammates.

"Fergy himself has been a shock to us, too," says Maloney, one of the three 20-year-old defensemen on the New York roster. "It was pretty dead around here before he arrived." Francis, for instance, rarely showed anger after a New York defeat, but Ferguson reacts to adversity by stomping clusters of Coke cans, hurling oranges, spouting expletives and aiming towels in all directions. "Some guys laughed at Fergy, sure, but they're long gone now," Maloney says. "He's so intense, and it eventually wore off on the rest of us. He invokes fear and commands respect. What it all means, I guess, is that now we believe we can do things we never even dreamed about back in September."

Ferguson carefully plotted his course during the off-season. "First of all, I had to give the Rangers something they always lacked," he says. "A mean streak. To be a winner, a team, like an individual, must have some killer instinct. Second, we had to get in condition. When I helped coach Team Canada against the Soviet Union in 1972, I saw for the first time what conditioning really means. The Soviet players were in fantastic shape." Ferguson had new uniforms designed for the Rangers, and the sleek contours tend to make the players look brawnier than

they are. He also discussed the Soviets' conditioning program with Dr. Edmund F. Enos, a Montreal educator who visits Moscow each June to study the latest advances in Soviet hockey technology, and prepared a routine designed to get the fat off the Fat Cats.

Then came Ferguson's most drastic change. "There were too many guys on the Rangers who had proved they could never play for a winner," he says, "so I made up my mind to go with the kids." He drafted superbly, taking Murdoch in the first round, Farrish in the second and McEwen in the third. All three became regulars, and Murdoch seems certain to be voted rookie of the year.

Murdoch leads the NHL in the "important goals" category: 10 of his 28 scores have tied (at some point) or won games for the Rangers. He surprises goal-tenders with a well disguised and deadly accurate wrist shot, something that disappeared from hockey with the introduction of the slap shot. "When I was growing up in Cranbrook, B.C.," Murdoch says, "I used to shoot 200 pucks a day in my backyard after practice." He scored two goals in his first NHL game, then five—setting a Ranger record—at Minnesota in his fourth game. After all his goals, Murdoch does the Murder Shuffle, a war dance that includes a stutter step, a choo-choo-choo with his mouth and a pumping arm motion.

Murdoch inevitably has attracted the attention of the league's most physical players. "Guys are taking runs at me now," he says, "but it was a lot worse when I was at Medicine Hat and we played against Lethbridge. I mean, once you've played junior hockey in Western Canada, the NHL seems kind of tame. Heck, our games against Lethbridge used to average 3½ hours."

Murdoch plays on a line with Center Walter Tkaczuk and Left Wing Greg Polis. When Boston's Mike Milbury punched away at Murdoch in one game, Tkaczuk—a former Fat Cat—charged across the ice to rescue his teammate and received a game misconduct penalty. Ferguson wildly applauded Tkaczuk's behavior; the old Tkaczuk, the \$175,000-per-year center who scored only eight goals last season, would have watched the Milbury-Murdoch fray from a front-row seat. "I use the Tkaczuk-Polis-Murdoch line against the other teams' best

line," says Ferguson. "Murdoch says he's just learning to check, but I use him to kill penalties, and when we beat Montreal, he limited Shutt to just one shot on goal."

Defensively, Ferguson also has made sweeping changes, dumping four of the veterans who contributed to last season's dismal goals-against record and keeping only Carol Vadnais. "If we're going to lose," he said, "I'd rather lose with kids." McEwen occasionally has defensive lapses but advances the puck skillfully, while Farrish plays solidly on defense but lacks McEwen's puck-carrying ability. Maloney, the third 20-year-old at the New York blue line, has been steady, aggressive and so physical that no one has tried to punch him in the mouth this year. Ron Greschner, an old man of 22, seems to have regained the flair he displayed as a rookie two years ago but rarely showed last season. One reason may be that Greschner, who used to avoid body contact, has taken to wearing a helmet and now skates madly into the corners.

Ferguson's rebuilding scheme almost went kaput last month, when regular Goaltender John Davidson injured his knee and underwent surgery that will keep him off the ice until March, but the flaky Gratton—a former Ottawa National, Buffalo Sabre, St. Louis Blue and Toronto Toro—has been surprisingly dependable in the nets.

Despite New York's unexpected success, Ferguson continues to be hard on his players. He benched Center Wayne Dillon for one game with a terse, "He'll play when he learns to check." After a 2-1 loss to the Islanders a fortnight ago, Ferguson said, "One mistake beat us. Rod Gilbert chased the defenseman in behind the net when he wasn't supposed to." At the same time, Ferguson has relaxed Francis' strict dress codes, and he always makes sure there is plenty of post-game "beer for the boys," as he calls it, on Ranger buses and planes.

On the flight home from Baltimore, Phil Esposito, Hodge and Vadnais—all former Bruins—regaled their young teammates with stories of their days with Bobby Orr. As Esposito was spinning a yarn to the spellbound Farrish, Murdoch interrupted him. "Hey, Espo," he said, "Don't live in the past." **END**

Cheer up, Bowie Kuhn. Forget, for a moment, that Charlie Finley is suing you for \$3.5 million. Forget about Marvin Miller, the Messersmith decision, Peter Seitz, Ted Turner, Jerry Kapstein, additional agents—free or otherwise—and all those congressional subcommittees that want baseball in the nation's capital. Yes, forget 1976. Commissioner, for as 1977 dawns there is good news for a change: The Toronto Blue Jays and the Seattle Mariners, those latest creatures of American League expansion, are already huffy at the box office and chances are good that they will not play like the original Mets when they take to the field this spring.

Toronto has sold about 7,000 season tickets, and the Blue Jays have not begun their high-pressure sales pitch to the local business community. "We may reach 20,000 season tickets," says one optimistic club official. Don't laugh.

Toronto is one of the wealthiest areas in North America, the headquarters city for most Canadian businesses, and Torontonians are well known, and well appreciated, for supporting losing teams, which the Blue Jays will be for at least their first few seasons. The Toronto Maple Leafs have not won the Stanley Cup in almost 10 years, but they have sold out every home game—more than 1,200 in all—for the last 30 seasons. The Toronto Argonauts, the only Canadian Football League team that has never won the Grey Cup, again averaged almost 50,000 paying spectators per game this past season despite another last-place finish in their conference.

The Blue Jays have sold their radio contract and are negotiating a lucrative television deal. And the hottest selling items around snowbound Toronto during the Christmas rush were Blue Jay sweat shirts, T shirts, mugs, glasses and lamps.

"Everyone's talking about the Blue Jays now," says Mike Cannon, a Canadian who recently joined the club's front-office staff after 5½ years with the NHL Players' Association. "To most people around Toronto, the big thing is that we've got to beat the record of the Montreal Expos in their first season in the National League. We've got to win at least



Blue Jays' Bavasi is from good National League stock

Ringing in the new

Cash registers keep jangling for the Toronto and Seattle expansion teams

53 games this year—one more than the Expos won back in 1969."

Cannon's introduction to baseball has not been without minor embarrassments. Last September he accompanied Pat Gillick, Toronto's vice-president of player personnel, to a meeting in Baltimore, and while watching the Orioles take batting practice, he asked Gillick "Say, do teams always have kids like that to pitch batting practice?"

"Know who that kid is?" Gillick said.

"No, who?"

"Jim Palmer."

While even the most optimistic Toronto fans confidently expect that snow will force postponement of the Blue Jays' April 7th home opener against the Chi-

cago White Sox in 35,000-seat Exhibition Stadium, there are no such fears in Seattle, where the Mariners will play their games in the air-conditioned, 60,000-seat Kingdome. Seattle still is smarting from previous experiences with expansion franchises. The city has suffered through one new American League team (the ill-fated Pilots of Ball Four infamy, who skipped to Milwaukee after a single disastrous season), a new NFL club (the low-flying Seahawks, who lost 12 of 14 games in their 1976 debut) and an NBA franchise (the not-so-super SuperSonics, who have made the playoffs only two times in their nine years).

Fortunately for Seattle, the Mariners have not followed the Pilots' tack. The 1969 Pilots charged some of the highest prices in baseball to watch one of the sport's worst teams, and only about 685,000 people availed themselves of the opportunity. The new Mariners have priced their tickets between \$1.50 and \$3—among the lowest scales in baseball—and, as a result, have sold some 4,000 season tickets. They also have the Kingdome at their disposal, not Sick's Stadium, where Pilot fans always arrived with their umbrellas. "The Kingdome is a big selling advantage," says Les Smith, one of the Seattle owners. "People can plan far in advance and know the games will not be rained out."

It is probably only a coincidence that a born-and-bred National Leaguer—Peter Bavasi, the 34-year-old son of Buzzie Bavasi, who was general manager of the Brooklyn and Los Angeles Dodgers for 17 years and now is president of the San Diego Padres—is in charge of Toronto's baseball operation. Last season Toronto expected to be a member of the National League, not the American. At that time Toronto investors reached an "agreement in principle" to buy the San Francisco Giants for \$13.25 million and move them to Canada. But while Torontonians were celebrating the acquisition of another losing team, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone obtained a restraining order against the sale and Kuhn put a hold on franchise shifts. Soon after, Giants Owner Horace Stoneham sold the team to San Francisco interests, and Toronto was left with nothing.

"The political wolves were at my door," says Metropolitan Chairman Paul Godfrey. "I had rebuilt a stadium with taxpayers' money and had no tenant. The National League showed a great deal of indecision. The league could have moved the Giants here or given us an expansion franchise. I think we would have had a love affair with the Giants unprecedented in baseball." Godfrey's lingering resentment is understandable. Toronto would have been a natural National League rival for Montreal, and because the Expos have been baseball's worst-run expansion team, Toronto certainly would have profited by comparison.

Peter Bavasi, who was general manager of the Padres, seems aware of the pitfalls that face an expansion team. "You realize the importance of patience when you handle a team like ours," he says. "If you draft young, as we did, you have to bite the bullet. You don't want to make wholesale changes too quickly. If you do, you wind up mixing and matching and eventually rebuilding. The same goes for financing. In San Diego we had to trade three good pitchers—Pat Dobson, Fred Norman and Dave Giusti—for financial reasons. If we had bitten the bullet and made other financial adjustments, we would have been sitting pretty. But we had no other choice. Fortunately, we have the financial resources in Toronto to forestall any such difficulties."

Nevertheless, Bavasi has already made a few intriguing deals. He selected Rico Carty from Cleveland in the expansion draft, then promptly returned him to the Indians in exchange for young Catcher Rick Cerone and handyman John Lowenstein. He also drafted Pitcher Al Fitzmorris, a 15-game winner last season, from Kansas City and shuttled him off to Cleveland for Catcher Alan Ashby and utilityman Doug Howard. Now Bavasi has a surplus of young catchers, and the California Angels, among other teams, have made attractive offers for Ashby. Bavasi has hired Roy Hartfield, who worked for him in the San Diego system, as field manager and Bob Miller, an original New York Met, as pitching coach. "Maybe they'll start me on opening day," says Miller.

No chance. If Miller pitches for Toronto, not even Bowie Kuhn would have much to cheer about.

END



Pat Gillett/istockphoto.com (1982) Turkey painting by Ken Dooling. 11" by 17" 1982. Auction Box 529-54-1. Auction 304. NY 10005.

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JANUARY

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SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON



HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
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Home, sweet home is sweeter than ever

The home-court advantage has always been a big plus in the NBA, but this season it's a whole lot bigger. The main reason is a different kind of schedule. Other factors are deeper benches, more frenzied crowds. It can add up to a 10-point edge

Of the strange phenomenon known as "home and away," an obscure philosopher—perhaps it was Lenny Bruce—once said: "I violate you at my place. You violate me at yours. What could be fairer than that?"

Lenny would not have said "violate," but you get the picture. Which is that in the National Basketball Association the buses are slow, the planes are late, the gates are far away, somebody took a hatchet to the suitcases, there aren't any cabs, there are 99 steps to the hotel lobby, the room is small, the bed is hard, the food is miserable, old playground buddies demand comps, the backboards sway, the scorekeepers cheat, the ball bounces the other way and assorted maniacs scream for blood. In short, in the

NBA nobody wins on the road anymore.

One would think that the pros, who are creatures of habit, would be unaffected by exhausting travel, emotional uprisings and the peculiar directions of their old friend, Mo Mentum. However, through nearly the first two months of the season the NBA home-team winning percentage hovered around 73%, up 8% from last year. Teams such as Portland and Denver were undefeated in the friendly confines, Milwaukee was un-victorious on the road and the hilarious Seattle SuperSonics nearly managed to be both at the same time. During this period, Seattle was in the process of running its home winning streak to 29 and its losing streak on the road to 14 (both figures over two seasons).

As a point of comparison it should be noted that in baseball the world champion Cincinnati BR Machine won 65% of its away games and in football the Super Bowl-bound Raiders and Vikings took 11 of 14 road contests. On the other hand, through the end of the year the defending NBA champion Boston Celtics had won only seven of 18 road games (two in overtime) while the four division leaders—Philadelphia, Houston, Denver and Portland—had a breathtaking .387 winning percentage on the road. The other 18 pro teams boasted a pathetic 85-220 record on foreign courts.

Among the more curious home and away exchanges have been swings of 39 points in two games between Houston and Milwaukee, 43 between Portland and

Philadelphia and 53 between Kansas City and San Antonio. The Kings defeated the Spurs by 28 (130-102) at home in Kemper Arena, then lost to them by 25 (129-104) at the HemisFair in Texas.

At home, the Sonics whipped the Central Division-leading Cavaliers, holding them to just 78 points, while in the course of another defeat on the long and winding road, they permitted the Central's fourth-place Spurs 138. Currently, Seattle's home and away records are, respectively, 14-2 and 4-14.

Sonics Coach Bill Russell has been asked again and again why Seattle imitated Attila at home and Holy Hottboe away. "Hey, Big Bill, hey, you figured out a reason?" reporters asked him following a tough loss at Boston. Russell folded his arms, raised his bearded visage and glared over the tops of his inquisitors' heads. Seconds passed. More seconds. And more. Was Russell contemplating dinner at Jimmy's HarborSide? Increased rates for L-o-o-g D-a-s-t-a-n-e-e? The number of reporters he could pound into the concrete? Russell just kept glaring. He never did answer.

The disparity in the SuperSonics' record is often attributed to the fact that the team's all-or-obvious game plan of Get The Other Team As Confused As We Are works better in familiar surroundings. Yet despite Russell's silence, there are other reasons why the home-team tilt has been so pronounced throughout the league.

Home Attendance and Officiating. Fourteen teams are averaging more than 10,000 home spectators, pushing league attendance and, more important, enthusiasm to the highest pitch in years. This is one benefit of the expandomerger and the transfusion of new ABA faces and styles among players and coaches. Denver, Philadelphia, Cleveland and the New York Knicks are drawing better than 13,000 a game. "You'd think we were playing without pants on," says Nugget Coach Larry Brown. Portland and Seattle are on solid out. And the Knicks' fans—thrilled by the acquisition of this year's Christmas savior, Bob McAdoo—have not yet begun to bet, er, fight.

Increased attendance means more noise and fury. Visiting teams have trouble concentrating on the foul lines and keeping track of the shot clock as well as maintaining composure and tempers in the face of such insults as recently greet-

ed Portland's Jack Ramsey and Dave Twardzik in Phoenix. "Hey, Ramsey" one transplanted San fan yelled at the former Buffalo coach. "We don't like Twardzik for the same reason we didn't like Buffalo. Too many Polacks!"

While Seattle was going down to its 138-114 defeat in San Antonio, not a few Spur partisans serenaded the Sonics with "We had a name for turkeys like you in the ABA. It was 'Virginia Squires.'"

As for officiating, though league statistics reveal that home teams shoot just two more foul shots per game than visiting teams, one or two important calls are enough to affect the outcome of most games and these always seem to be in the home team's favor. In support of former ABA coaches' claims that they get murdered on the road, the New York Nets' Kevin Loughery took a formidable early lead in the technical foul derby, even though his team has the NBA's second-best away record, 7-10. Detroit's Herb Brown says the refs regard him as a "whippersnapper" away from Cobo Hall. Los Angeles' Jerry West compares the situation to a prizefight. "Winning on the road is like beating the heavy-weight champion," says West. "You got

to score a knockout to get a decision."

Considering everything, wise heads at courtside claim a guest team must be about 12 points better in order to win by two. And this does not include the occasional havoc wreaked upon visitors by the clock operators. "I would never accuse anybody of name names," says Phoenix GM Jerry Colangelo, "but when the home team is behind in some cities, time seems to stand still."

Physical Purity and Psychological Barriers. The old saw about "on any given night . . ." is about as boring as any. Yet this year most teams are sufficiently close to equality in talent that a home-court advantage can be the determining factor. "We've never had such balance in the league," says Portland's Ramsey, "nor such a high level of competition."

The key here may be overall bench strength. There are about 63 players from last year's ABA rosters in the NBA, many of them reserves. This has created instant depth and stronger benches. Because as a rule home team substitutes wipe out visiting subs on motivation alone—shining on for the wife, kid, girl friend, agent, bill collector or owner—this is a significant edge.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL HAMIS

continued



Moreover, because teams play each other in only four games at most—sometimes two months apart—players are dependent upon scouting reports and are vulnerable to surprise. (Last year each team played its divisional rivals six or seven times and other conference teams five times; outside the conference, everybody played everybody else four times.) "In Portland Missourie Lucas was new to us," says Washington Bullet Coach Dick Motta. "The Bulls are full of household names and he was the new kid on the block. He wanted to put out a little more. He killed us." What Lucas did was score 30 points and take down 13 rebounds as well as drive Elvin Hayes to the bench on fouls.

MENTALLY, teams always have been screwed up on the road. Valhallas such as Madison Square Garden and Boston Garden still take their toll, as evidenced by Denver's first trip east. After winning their first eight games the Nuggets were absolutely awed during defeats in Boston—"I spent my whole life wanting to play on the funny squares here," said Dan Issel—and New York. "You know, when

John Condon announced my name in Madison Square Garden, I geez," sighed Denver Coach Brown.

Visiting teams bemoan the vicious-sounding fan clubs in San Antonio, the ceiling side lights in Buffalo, the altitude in Denver—"I can't breathe there, I gasp," says the Knicks' Earl Monroe—the low-ceiling acoustics in Chicago, the pastel blue backgrounds in Washington, the tight rams in Seattle.

"What altitude problem?" Cavalier Coach Bill Fitch asked before his first game in Denver. "We brought paper bags full of good Cleveland air." Then the Cavs breathed heavily, shot seven free throws to Denver's 39 and were beaten by 10 points, the team's fourth straight defeat on the road.

Bullet Coach Motta says the worst thing about playing in Seattle is the exit to the locker rooms. "It's way off in a corner and so narrow you feel like you're walking right into the crowd," he says. "I got hit by a cup of beer there once. Rick Barry got in a fight there. I'm nervous just walking through at halftime. Sometimes I wonder if the refs aren't in-

fluenced by worrying about leaving through that narrow little exit."

But Chicago Center Tom Boerwinkle thinks the home-away difference is all psychological. "You just feel when you go on the road, you're not going to win, and that in turn makes you feel you've just got to win at home. It's all self-perpetuating."

Scheduling Disasters and Miscellaneous Horrors. On 11 different occasions the Detroit Pistons are scheduled to play three games in three days. The Suns were forced to play their first six games on the road (they lost five). Over the holidays, the Celtics were in the midst of a 10-straight-road-game stretch, covering 22 days including Christmas and New Year's. West Coast clubs regularly set out on 40-day, 40-night excursions to the North Pole and back.

In a way, these forays pull beside individual hardships. Seattle's Bob Walkerson says fellow rookie Dennis Johnson "hates New York, he's scared to death of taxis." San Antonio's Mark Olberding says the Forum in L.A. got to him because "I kept looking for movie stars, but I only saw Jack Nicholson." And Indiana's Billy Knight finds fault with road-trip cuisine because "I can't eat meat with any red. Just a little pink. That's a problem some places."

Of course, there are exceptions to the home-road equation, teams that make the trend-spotters go mad. Teams like the New York Nets, who have won seven games away from home but only five in the Nassau Coliseum, mainly because Nassau may be the unfriendliest court they play on. And teams like the Atlanta Hawks, who seldom win or draw friends anywhere.

After the Hawks swiped three consecutive victories on the road in early December, even their own families were stunned. But when they returned home to a rousing welcome from all of 2,500 people—who saw the team get back on the track by losing to Phoenix—nobody was surprised.

"We don't exactly fill the arenas up with rabid partisans," said Coach Hubie Brown. "When we go on the road, other teams have to get people off the street to come watch us."

You get some off the street at your place; Brown will get some off the street at his. But 2,500?

END



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Troubled by oiled waters

It was touch and go for Nantucket last week, but the west wind held, nudging the Argo Merchant's oil spill out to sea, where birds may be dying by the thousands

There is something surreal about Nantucket in winter, especially this winter. In Nantucket town, all ancient cobblestone and brick, a pianist plays *Chair de Lune* during dinner at the Jared Coffin House. Neither he nor the music seems to belong, so far away in a dreary sea. Candlelight flickers around him, reflected in fine old mirrors, and the voices of the diners are hushed, but they speak of an ugly thing, the wreck of the 641-foot Liberian tanker *Argo Merchant*. Its 7.6 million gallons of No. 6 oil are streaming out to sea, for now, at least, but it is Nantucket's sea, and that does not seem real.

The *Argo Merchant* ran aground in a storm on Dec. 15, 27 miles southeast of Nantucket, and the mishap seemed to set a pattern for what was left of 1976, as Liberian oil tankers all but had siege to the western Atlantic. On Dec. 24 more than 7,000 gallons from the *Oswego Peace* seeped into Connecticut's Thames. Three days later the tanker *Olympic Games* spilled 134,000 gallons of oil into the Delaware River at Marcus Hook, Pa. Then on the 29th the tanker *Daphne* went aground off Puerto Rico, with 14 million gallons aboard, unspilled but menacing. But the greatest outrage is the *Argo Merchant's*—the worst oil spill in U.S. history. Conservationists are fuming, and on the Delaware and Thames and off Nantucket, birds are dying.

It was not just how much oil, it was also where it spilled. Nantucket had always seemed inviolate. Some 120 miles to the northeast is one of the world's most productive commercial fishing grounds, Georges Bank, with scores of cod, haddock, pollock, flounder, lobster and sea scallops. Some scientists are predicting doom for Georges if the oil gets there and sinks. Some say it already has. But there is agreement as to the devastation of the area's bird life, especially the diving birds—the loons, the gulls and the murres.

Dozens of scientists have arrived in Nantucket to study oil-soaked birds, which are coming ashore sick and dying, and to prepare for the oil slick, if it should follow. The man coordinating the scientific effort is Dr. Wesley Taffney, an ecologist, who says, "Nantucket is the most unpolluted ecosystem on the New England coast. That is why a lot of people are up here and willing to work very hard."

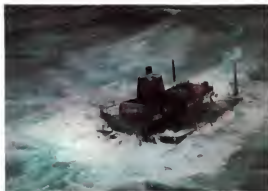
The longer the slick stays at sea and the more it spreads out, the faster it will break up and dissipate. But the unreasonable west winds that have been nudging it southeast for the past two weeks will certainly not blow forever. A typical New England winter nor'easter could come at any time, and the island built by whale oil could be undone by a very different kind.

If the oil from the *Argo Merchant* reaches the shores of Nantucket it will cause a disaster. There are two means of livelihood on the island; a \$1 million bay

scallop industry, and tourists, summer visitors who stay from one to seven days are worth \$10 to \$15 million to the island's economy, and most come for the beaches and the fishing. The scallops might not survive a blanket of oil, and the tourists might just stay away. And no one knows how Nantucket's famed bluefish and striped bass runs would be affected.

The *Argo Merchant's* oil has been variously described as having the consistency of chocolate pudding, Vaseline and Jell-O. In any case, it is the kind that squishes between your toes and sticks. Three pollution-control firms have been retained by the Coast Guard, and they are standing by to boom off coastal areas. But they cannot protect all the miles of shore at the same time, or any shore in the high winter surf that is the rule on much of the island.

On Nantucket, though, life goes on as always. It is hard to fear something you cannot see. To find out where the slick is on any given day, a Nantucketer must buy an off-island newspaper or call the Coast Guard at Otis Air Force Base, 35 miles away on Cape Cod. On Jan. 2 the slick was 27 miles off the island covering an area 200 miles long and 100 miles wide. A Coast Guard plane goes out each day to locate the slick—and it usually takes most of the day to do so—and to plot its expanding perimeter. Guard spokesmen claim that the slick poses no



The Argo Merchant's bridge was awash on Nantucket shoals before Coast Guard guns sank the hulk

threat to either Nantucket or Georges Bank, but the Guard took a lot of flak for failing to prevent the spill, and there are those who fear its optimism is mere whistling in the dark. Still, for now, the only tangible reminder of what waits offshore is oil-soaked birds.

To capture them, and to save some, five Nantucket sportsmen have volunteered to patrol the island's shorelines in four-wheel-drive vehicles—the 80 miles of sound and ocean beach and six great ponds. They have plenty of assistants—some days 60 or more—and the assistants have been warned to leave the birds alone. One young girl was badly bitten on the nose by a gull, and too many exhausted birds are being chased back into a rough surf to die. But rescuing birds is a crusade on Nantucket. On Christmas Day, Bob Marks, one of the five coordinators, had 36 calls from people who had spotted oiled birds. One caller said he had been waiting 4½ hours for Marks to make his patrol. "Don't you want to pick it up?" he yelled. "It's Christmas," Marks said. "Well, the birds don't have Christmas," replied St. Francis of Nantucket.

They didn't. Not this year, at least. As the slick spread, their hazards grew, the birds are attracted to it. For one thing, oil calms the seas and provides a place to rest. For another, diving, fish-eating birds, like loons, auks, and murrelets, seem to associate slicks with feeding predators and scraps of fish. The various species of sea gulls have suffered the least, because they do not dive. But many diving birds have become completely coated with oil, which creates a variety of problems. Oil destroys the insulating capacity of their feathers, and the hollow cores, normally warm, become cold. Many birds contract pneumonia and freeze to death. Others spend so much time preening—trying to clean themselves—that they are too exhausted to feed, and starve to death, or they are poisoned when they swallow the toxic oil.

The rescue efforts began on Dec. 23, eight days after the *Argo Merchant* ran aground, and by Jan. 2, 88 dead birds had been found and 55 live ones captured. Few were ducks, because they are rarely found far at sea, and there has been little effort made to catch the numerous gulls. They are also relatively hard to catch. Efforts have been concentrated on the loons, because they are almost help-

less on land, and the murrelets and auks, which are much less numerous than gulls.

Most of the birds have been found by Marks, a federal game warden who manages 1,540 acres of Nantucket moor, dunes and beach. His patrol area includes Nantucket's southeast shore, the corner of the island closest to the slick. One day last week he left his home at 8 a.m. in a cold drizzle and drove east through the moors, a solemn timber now, gone lone, distant houses—typical Nantucket winter scenery. He stopped in the tiny ocean-side village of Siasconset, called Sconset, where roses cover all in June and where the words quaint and picturesque most certainly were coined. Marks pointed out to sea and said, "Argo Merchant, 27 miles." Once again it did not seem real.

On the beach Marks first stopped 50 feet from a common murre, which was picking oil from its wings. "That's what'll mess him up," he said. The murre looked like a small penguin, about a foot high, white chest and black back, its body vertical; if any bird ever wore a facial expression, this one did. It was one of bewilderment. Marks swiped at it with his long-handled fishing net, but the murre escaped to the water.

It was a bad day for gathering oiled auks and murrelets. But that any were seen tells the scientists on Nantucket a great deal. It is so rare for them to come ashore that Tiffany surmises that tens of thousands may have died in the slick. "That's the reason why we spend so much time," he says. "It may be a drop in the bucket, but it's all we can do."

Marks picked up a dead gull and brought it to a hangar at the Nantucket Airport, where all the island's bird casualties are weighed and identified. The dead ones are flown to a laboratory on Cape Cod, the live ones packed in ventilated boxes for the daily flight to the Felix Neck Wildlife Sanctuary, 12 miles west on Martha's Vineyard; there are no facilities on Nantucket for nursing oiled seabirds.

On the Vineyard a detergent called Poly-Complex A-11 is used to remove the oil. It was developed to wash out the bilges of ships, so it is not surprising that only 25 of the 35 birds treated lived through the cleansing process. It is estimated that 75% to 80% of those will survive. Some will have to remain in captivity for up to a year,



Warden Bob Marks tended this oil-coated loon.

through a complete molting cycle, because A-11 removes the natural oils from the birds' feathers, making them incapable of flight.

By that time the cost per bird, in volunteer man-hours, in materials, and in airplane time, will be enormous. But the knowledge gained will be invaluable. Sanctuary director Augustus Ben David II says, "I think society owes at least this much to the birds. We inflict the damage, don't we?"

Back on Nantucket, Tiffany's team of scientists has prepared for the worst, trying to gain a greater understanding of Nantucket's ecology without oil. He says, "Pollution of any kind throws a natural ecosystem off-center, as if you took a sledgehammer to a clock. Given a disaster of this kind, we try to understand how the clock works before the hammer hits. That will help us to predict how long it will take for it to keep good time again. Of course, all our efforts could be a waste of time, and we hope they will be."

On Nantucket last week, on the brick sidewalks and under the ancient elms, and in the fairy-tale lanes of Siasconset, it was assumed they would be. How could they not?

END

**Without elegance,
after so much desiring**



Deep in the woods on the last day of the season, he vowed he would wait, furiously disciplined, trying to force the buck by sheer imagination into being. But when the deer materialized, his amazement and joy were tempered with shame and grief

by Mason Smith



CONTINUED

It wasn't until I got back to the pickup after three days alone in the woods, and swept the snow off it and loaded the canoe into the bed, and loaded the backpack and the dead buck into the canoe again, and started out toward the main road, that I noticed my left eye was hurting and that I could not see out of it. The pain and the rheum in my eye, and the closeness, warmth and plastic smell of the cab, which stuffed up my ears and nose, were the first notes of entropy, of coming down.

Whoever had stolen most of the gas out of the truck had left me just enough to get home. I stopped at a tavern and ate a hamburger and became aware that there was deer hair on my wool pants and blood on my sleeves. I had had on the same pair of long underwear for three days and had not combed my hair.

At home my youngest sons ran out of the chicken coop where they were doing chores and yelled in amazement at the antlered head they could see over the gunwale of the canoe there in the back of the truck. Sean, 12, climbed into the cab and put the laurel of his hug around my neck. Reshen, 10 and an ironist already, casually said, "Cool, man."

When I first saw the buck I was skeptical. I had seen hundreds of them every day of hunting. I would squint off through the lattice of slim black trunks emerging from the gray-blue snow and detect, or rather invent, cannons, gaslines, underbellies, a head held low and, spilling forward off it, a pronged hoop of gold. Antlered deer would emerge from between rocks, out of green swamps. I would creep upon them curled in their beds. I talked to myself in the past tense all the while: "He had a few drops of the musk of deer on the soles of his boots. The buck had crossed his path and now stood hesitating. Et cetera." There were many perfectly prepared occasions when everything was materially correct and dramatic, too, except for the non-appearance of the real animal.

But late in the morning on the very last day of the season, the imagined ideal did come to pass at the ideal place and time—when all things were the way we dream they will be.

Except for winter, the seasons in the St. Lawrence valley of northern New York are sharply defined and short. You must jump up and act or the hunting season will be past for another year, the year's-end rush of indoor affairs crowds upon you. The woods are out there, rolling and still and remote. You know what it will feel like to be in them dressed in wool, walking, absorbed by a simple purpose and a few clear necessities. Part of you is already out there calling for the rest. What the hunter feels as the leaves fall and the brief season approaches is not the lust to kill, but a yearning to absolve himself of his demeaning comforts, shaming insulation, his warm-floored and false gentility.

Many hunters have a vision of fraternity—of hunting camps, hearty meals prepared lumber-woods fashion, poker, sleeping in a dark, low room crowded with double

bunks and a soughing pot burner; collective hunts, in spirit like those of Major de Spain and his companions in Faulkner's *The Bear*. But I am selfish almost to misanthropy about the acts and sensations of hunting. I want to be far away from other hunters, learning a new wild country, alone, or with one of my sons, or a brother.

The year before, for the last three days of the season, my brother Everett and I snow-camped deep in an area of the mountains that is closed to powered vehicles. We hiked six miles from the Saab to the shore of a pond, in fairly deep snow, and hunted by studying topographic maps and making short still-hunting drives toward each other, and came back to the two-man tent and cooked over our lightweight stoves with numb fingers in the dark and went right to bed to stay warm. We did not shoot anything.

All the deadfall had frozen with much moisture in it, and we had trouble keeping a fire going to dry out our wool pants, the felt of our caps, our damp thermals. The great luxury of our return this year was going to be having a pile of dry wood cut in advance and hidden. We would come in the summer with one of the light cedar canoes we build, and fish the brook trout and cut us a woodpile.

But the summer was one of those seasons that got away. It was already hunting season, Nov. 9, when I made my first trip in with Sean. The ponds were still open and we came by canoe pathway and backpacked the rest. We were there to cut the wood. We thought we might fool ourselves and spoil all plans for a later serious hunting trip by getting a buck. We almost did. We almost got killed, too.

At the canoe landing some people were carrying the kitchen sink out of their platform camp down a sidehill path to their van. The state used to permit tent sites to be used by individuals on a semipermanent basis. You could put up platforms and supposedly temporary camps using canvas. Some of these camps developed into elaborate shanties with steps and sheds and stairways down to the water and docks. Now the state had decided that the platform-camp program was improper. This was the last year of it. The camps had to be destroyed by the end of the year. The people who had built them were leaving piles of old boards and scattered detritus, and sometimes pits where they had made halfhearted attempts to bury their rotted canvas and junk.

It was cold and clear and the pond was absolutely still. The canoe seemed to move faster and more easily for the quiet. We crossed to a point a half mile distant and then followed the shore northwest. A few fish were rising just enough to produce rings, and very shy ducks went up and skimmed along the opposite shore. Sean said that when he looked over the side at the upside-down trees he felt as if he were falling out of the boat. I loved being there with the boy, afloat in a handmade cackle with the heavily filled backpack and his daypack propped against the coaming of the foredeck ahead of him to help counter my weight astern. The old Remington in its L. L. Bean sheepskin carrying case and the bow saw and plastic sheeting to cover the wood-

pile were up ahead of him, too. The red cherrywood paddles are always doubly beautiful when wet.

West and south of us we would hear shots, sometimes four or five in a string. Sean wondered that so many deer were being seen and was, in a way already envious. I said that I did not think all of those shots were at bucks.

So far this year we had not heard of much hunting success. The club my father-in-law belongs to had accounted for only one buck by that time, and you did not see many on trucks and cars or at the deer-check stations. Many of the hunters who live around us in the valley, even some who have access to good private clubs and preserves, were going down in bunches to the Southern Tier, where they crowded into motel rooms and hunted the farmers' fields and woodlots where deer are so numerous they are a nuisance. Hunters say they do not really like going down there to hunt, but often one who has not done it before will do it "for the experience."

We carried the cargo over a disused railroad causeway at the north end of the pond and let the canoe through a culvert down into a second pond. We were going another three-quarters of a mile on this pond and leaving the canoe and hiking north. There were no shots from the north, probably because you cannot get anywhere near that area by truck.

The trail came down near the far end of the pond. We had the canoe in a hemlock stand in a ravine, laying it under young spruces. We broke branches from a fallen tree and camouflaged the bright varnished yellow cedar. A ranger at Lake Clear, looking over our boat, had said we better not get too far away from it because they were stealing canoes left and right. Good canoes have become like antiques.

That evening we set up our tent at the same spot where Everett and I had snow-camped the previous season. There was an hour of daylight left. North across the ridge it was

only another mile to the boundary of a private park noted for its unnaturally large, artificially fed deer population. Hunters had told me that deer were in the swamps and it hadn't been cold enough to get the bucks moving, so I was going to watch for deer emerging from a swamp to feed. At the same time Sean would go around the base of the hill behind me and come back over the top.

I had scarcely chosen a place to stand when over the chatter of a stream I heard crashings coming down the steep hillside at my back. The two deer saw me and scrambled to halt and turn. They did not go far. Does. Sean appeared in the brink of the hill. I told him with fingers that he had jumped two, and he made an inquiring sign about horns. I shook my head. He affected to be angry.

We cooked under a gray sky, looking out over the pond and wiggling our toes. The steam from our pot went straight up. Last year the ponds had been frozen when Everett and I had come in here. The ice had given out fearsome screeches, and water had come clucking up around the deadfall near shore. We had avoided the ping-pong, hoarawing ice as the temperature fell. Later we learned it had been 5° above zero. We had been cooking, as Sean and I were now, and the pond had given out a particularly loud, long, piercing song, and we had looked out over it under the North Star and Dipper, right side up near the mountains. Two little deer were trying to cross to a point just beyond us. The new ice was smooth. They could not stand up. Their legs would fling out, and front or rear would hit the ice. The animals would scramble to rise and the other end would go out. They would flounder up and dance a few steps tiptoe and then crash, legs flying. Sometimes, with maybe the shoulders down and the rump still up, a deer would just hold still as if it had given up completely or was reflecting. One of them reversed course and headed back to the shore.

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT SPITZMULLER



The other rose and fell and played dead without music, but otherwise behaved like the fawn in *Bambi*. This one stuck it out and learned how to walk on the ice. We were afraid and tense about the ice holding up under those sharp hooves. He made it to the shore on our side, and we watched the other one pick its way around the other shore.

The only buck Everett and I saw on that cold, hard trip came up to me where I was watching from the next morning. I had gotten up too long before daylight and put on frozen clothes and gone back up a trail south from the camp. In the dark I had taken up a stand atop a boulder with a tree behind it that I could lean against and use to hide my silhouette. It was zero or less by then. I trembled with the cold. Nothing moved. It did not even lighten for an hour. When it was full day, I was frozen in place, a column. The deer suddenly trumped audibly and materialized before me, plainly a fawn. Expecting another deer, I moved my shooting hand forward. Although the young deer was headed well to my right, he picked up my motion instantly and lifted his head straight at me, stopping still. There rose from his Abaddon's lamp of a head the shining outline of a genie, he was not a fawn at all, but a six-point buck. He stared at me, this shivering totem, emitting clouds of white vapor. With his spinnaker ears he scooped in the dribbling of my heart and the rattle of my compass—pinned to a wool shirt—against the barrel of a fountain pen in an inner pocket. I knew that he could turn tail and vanish quicker than I could raise my rifle.

In fact, I was not sure that I could move at all, controllably. So I stayed, trying to seem inanimate, though I shook. Minutes later he swung his head away as if about to proceed, but then brought it right back. A moment later he stamped a forefoot. Then, the way a fish turns around in the water, he reversed and dropped out of sight. That was the only buck I saw that year, in many days of hunting.

But this was another year, and in the morning Sean and I went 150 yards away from the pond to find some dead-and-down beech. We cut the wood with the bow saw and stacked it against a trunk where, under the snow that would come, it would look like a stone or the roots of a fallen tree, and over the plastic cover we piled branches and scooped handfuls of dead leaves. We did not cut very much, although that was supposedly what we had come in here to do. The thought of hunting on our way back to the canoe excited us too much.

We separated, and eventually I waited for Sean a long time behind a knoll. Finally he called. We came together in the midst of thick softwoods. He was angry and stormy and wanted to know where the deer was and didn't shoot and did I get him. There had been shots south-west but far off, sounding like someone dropping hardwood planks. Sean told me that he had jumped an eight-point buck on top. The deer had stood up looking at him 100 feet away. Sean had had time to count the points. Then the deer had bolted. Sean had thrown the bow saw after him.

We nearly got killed when we were crossing the second pond going out. The first pond was calm under a light rain, but when we got across the railroad bed, the waves in the second were white-topped and were splashing hard off the ben-

ken rock of the embankment. We put the load forward as much as we could and took a drinking cup out of the frame pack for bailing. Sean removed his rubber boots in case we capsized. I wondered how long one would last in this 40° water. We followed the shoreline to the point directly opposite the landing, and by then the rain had redoubled and was laying the waves. When we were 200 feet from shore, the wind turned around and smacked us from behind, ferociously. A 20-inch tree straight ahead broke and crashed. The daylight went nearly out. The rain was solid. We were blown onto the beach; I was unable to get to the dock, because if I tried to back or steer, waves came over the stern. I was sitting in water. We poled over to the dock carefully. In the unloading the bailing cup got knocked in the water. I reached for it but it went to the bottom under the dock in 18 inches. We carried the packs up to the truck, and when we came down for the canoe, the cup was resting six feet up on the sand.

What I wanted to do was to wait until the late part of the season when there would be cold and snow, because camping is intriguing under those conditions and the country more beautiful and because we would learn more about the movements of the deer. Hunting relatively deep in a large area of state wilderness with fresh snow, you could find a track early in the morning, and if the going was quiet, you might be able to perform the classic kind of hunting, as you never had before, in which the hunter matches his patience and ability to move quietly and his vision against the deer's superior hearing and caution, and tracks the deer to his bed.

But the snow came late, and when it came it did not stick. Thanksgiving with a week of commitments sat claimingly across the best of the late season, and then on the third of December the season would end.

Haze, my oldest son, would be 16 in January, and though he could not legally carry a rifle, he could take the camera, and in the middle of the day when the deer were bedded down, he could make the drives.

In the meantime I drove down to Keene Valley and at The Mountaineer bought a tent, a North Face Dandelion. It is a hexagonal tent, something like a teepee with a longer slope toward the back and foot-high vertical walls on the back three sides. The triangular pieces of its roof are alternately yellow and tan, and inside the light seems sunny even on a cloudy day. You can hang a candle lantern from the peak, and three people have room to sit around inside and cook. In snow-camp hunting you always come back after dark, and it may be windy with snow or rain falling. It is arduous to prepare a hot supper outside then, and you love a snug but roomy tent as much as you would a square with a hot supper waiting. You utter endearments to it. In fact you grow inordinately fond of all these fine little pieces of equipment—the Svea stove, the Sigg pots, the Swiss army knife, the French *lanterne à bougie*—few in number and really a tiny investment, which give you the freedom to leave cars and houses far away.

The canoe was already rigged on the truck with one bang-strip screw removed and reinserted through the brim of my red-felt crusher as a danger flag. Haze told his basketball

(continued)

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coach that his father needed him on a trip in connection with his profession. We stayed up late. I mixed up a batch of French bread, and while it rose in the bowl and a second time in the tins, we figured out menus, made up lists and checked them, filled the gas bottle, decided on a clothing strategy—one pair wool pants, one set thermals, one set regular cotton underwear, two wool shirts, down jacket, mittens, hat, pacs rather than leather boots, four pairs socks. We would wear bread bags over our socks to keep from wetting our felts with perspiration. We baked the bread. When I went to bed, Haze was listening to Dylan.

There was not much that was dramatic or exciting in any obvious way about those four days in the primitive area with my firstborn. Yet the activity was absorbing, and the number of times the adrenaline was flowing would not be matched in months of our ordinary lives. We did not think of home or other people or our normal occupations.

When we had hidden the canoe and started up the trail, there was an inch of large-crystal snow over the ground on the verge of thawing, and only a few steps up the path a deer had been walking that morning. As we moved along we saw that several deer had come out of the spruces and balsams to the left and fed in the open hardwoods where trees had blown down. We kept going, but when we reached the corduroy where the trail slanted across another swamp, we put off our packs and got out our topo maps encased in clear plastic envelopes. Haze followed the edge of the swamp and made a circle up around the hill between it and the pond we had just left. I sneaked back to where the deer had crossed that morning. Six deer spilled off the ridge, five of them coming across in front and the buck blowing and cracking in the dark timber and never appearing. We wondered what it would have felt like to have finished our hunting before we even got into the country.

That night while we were starting the stove to boil water, a buck somewhere up on the flank of the big mountain north across the pond cried out, trumpeting his mating agony as if the urgency that possessed him was too much for him to understand—what a mystery it must be to him, once in the year, to produce such voice.

In the morning the snow was gone, and through the day we added to the contour information on the map certain locations where the cover was good, where there was feed and where the deer had torn the ground up digging for beechnuts. Companions with complete accord and so small talk, we traded the rifle and camera back and forth. Each time that I was watcher, standing immobile in solitude, trying to see the slightest motion, hear the faintest sound, almost to force the deer by sheer imagination into being, the sound would eventually come, unmistakable then gone, then clear again, of either the deer or my son approaching, the two desired visions both beautifully and appallingly fused in my expectations. It was always a pleasure to see each other again.

We never again saw deer. We said the things that hunters say. ("They are not moving." "It has not been cold enough.") I had thought that they were on the knobs and hillslopes. "Tomorrow," I said, "we will hunt the swamps." Tomorrow was the day it rained, and we did hunt the swamps. The rain went down with the sun, and in a light

snowfall we rigged poles over our campfire and meticulously dried our things until they no longer gave off steam.

Whenever I was carrying the camera, I tried to find out whether people are correct who say that we hunt only because we want to kill, like to kill. There is obviously a lot else that we like about it, and people say, "You don't have to kill to do any of those things you say you like. Why don't you just carry a camera?" I am not sure of the results. It could be a strong experience, though at first consciously artificial, and I would have to get over the sense of performing a metaphor for hunting. Image-snitching with self-righteousness would not feel better inside than killing with admitted guilt and vanity.

Everything was dry. We looked at our watches. Each year I buy a cheap pocket watch for hunting season and afterward break or lose it. It was seven o'clock. Past our bedtime. We stepped into the tent, lit the candle, arranged socks and mittens inside sleeping bags, mounded up pillows out of down jackets and rolled-up trousers, blew the candle out, and fell asleep talking about where we would be sitting at first light.

On our way back out, the fourth day, I was making a drive over the same knoll where Sean had seen the right-point buck and flung the bow saw after it. I was carrying the camera. I found big shambling paw prints of a black bear all over the top of the knoll. I have no desire for a photograph of a charging bear, but the wave that went over me was about Sean walking through this air. When Haze and I had made it home, it was Sean who rushed out the woodshed door as soon as our lights turned on at the driveway, chinned himself on the side of the truck looking for a deer in the canoe, and said "Awww!" before saying hello.

After festivities, only three days were left in the season. I was as lethargic as a burgher. Late at night I brought forth the pack, filled the Svea and the gas bottle. There was no homemade bread. Listlessly I made another batch on the theory that what I needed was a sense of virtue. I did not have to think much about what to take, for just myself. Peanut butter and jelly in tubes. Six fresh eggs and a few frozen sausage links. One freeze-dried dinner for two, chili with beef. Some coffee. Some Tang. A can of beans for another dinner. A tin of sardines so that my wife would not feel her suggestions weren't appreciated. I was all done and stretched out reading a book before the bread had half risen.

In the morning, driving south into the mountains, I was not feeling good or optimistic but had confidence that through the somewhat rigorous things ahead of me, which I had to do this time without help and companionship, I would begin to feel fine. Going hunting in just this way, by canoe and alone and staying in the environment and spirit and place of hunting for the three days, suited my ideals about hunting, and with luck would give me the opportunity to do the best that I could in the actual practice. I would not ever have to hurry and move morally just to make a rendezvous. I would carry only Sean's daypack with just enough clothing to adjust to the weather and activity of different times of day, as well as food for lunch and a flashlight in case I was far from camp after dark. There was

still no snow, but I was sure that some was coming.

The truck radio tuned to Saranac Lake gave a forecast for a very warm afternoon and night and for rain, but somewhere in the southwest a moving front was dropping temperatures very suddenly. I was afraid the ponds would be frozen, but I had the boat on the track. I would go as far as I could by water and would pitch camp close to the canoe. If the weather turned very cold, I would check on the pond and perhaps keep a channel clear from the landing to open water. I had thrown an ax into the track.

Ponds freeze quite suddenly if there is a combination of cold weather and stillness, and the times they freeze vary considerably because of different water depths or amounts of shelter or the amount of circulation and thermal stratification. Some of the ponds and small lakes I passed in reaching the access point were completely frozen and snow-covered. In any case there was no great danger as long as I did not try to go through than ice with the canoe. If the ponds froze while I was in the woods I could always come out around the ponds on foot without the canoe. And without a deer.

As soon as I got into the canoe with some dry firewood loaded forward and the pack and rifle and ax in the bow, and was out on the water, I was all right. From the first pond you are able to see the higher ground of the area spread out wide, looking very large and inhospitable and beautiful, the long slopes building up to the rounded mountaintop on the west and the higher mountain on the northeast and you can imagine all the invisible ponds with names of girls and fish and crustaceans and plants and all the invisible rugged smaller hills between them because you have been there so many times. It is hard to believe, looking at the country from the water, that you have learned so much of it so intimately that you can never forget it.

In the second pond the water along shore was absolutely still, but farther out small waves broke and tinkled beside the canoe. I could not reach the trail landing at the farther end and had to land at the narrows and camp right there.

I broke my way along shore and found a good tenting place crowded between the thicket and the water. Someone had seen the possibilities of a maze and had cut a very narrow tunnel into the thicket and turned it sharply this way and that, and brought it right back out to the pathless shore only a few feet away from where it started. But the tenting place was good except for the difficulty of getting back into the hardwoods behind the point, with a good place to pull the canoe out and turn it over and a place to dip out water. A light rain was falling, and I wanted to get the tent up and all the gear stored inside before it rained in earnest.

That evening after returning from a fruitless hunt that the maze foreshadowed, I ate and put my watch near my head and a flashlight in the pocket of the tent, so I could keep track of the time and get up at five. I awoke at 2:30 and suddenly it was six. I heard small snowflakes off the fly, indicating exactly what I wanted—new snow on the last full day I could hunt. But even waking so late I hesitated to get out of the sleeping bag and put on the cold clothing. I was pessimistic. If I managed to see anything, there was still the problem of getting a shot. Then there was the prob-

lem of shooting well. As to that, after all this effort and time I doubted that I was prepared to add an antlered deer to any sort of collection. The old automatic, ugly and heavy and thick-barreled as it was, had never jammed in 30 years, but I had forgetfully left it in its soaked sheepskin case after the drenching Sean and I got, and it had rusted.

Its front sight had been tapped way to one side so that the line between the two open sights did not seem to parallel the barrel, and yet last year, having forgotten which way the weapon actually erred and how I used to compensate in the sight picture, I had made a target with a three-inch bull, taken it out in the pasture, marched off about 250 feet, and dropped on one knee and fired three times, as quickly as I could aim. The head of the front sight more than covered the bull's-eye. I walked to the target, just hoping that it was large enough so that the shots were in it somewhere, and that they were off in a consistent way. They weren't. Two were in the bull and one was on the edge of it. That threw everything in doubt: the rifle was insane. I had not fired it since.

So I procrastinated and dreamed up the idea that I should have a full hot breakfast before going out, so that I could forget about food and get on a track and follow wherever it led me. I lit the stove outside, then brought it in and boiled water for coffee. While cooking sausages I made sandwiches and put them in wax-paper bags in the pockets of the day-pack. I would wear the down jacket until I had been walking a while and then put it in the pack, too. I pocketed dried fruit and chocolate and a cup for drinking in style next to one of the spring streams that ran blackly down every white notch. When you are close, the bottoms of the streams are covered with perfectly shaped clear-edged autumn leaves pressed smoothly on each other, visible but of another season preserved while all that fell on the ground are lost under the snow. I fried three eggs, basting them in the sausage fat, and ate them out of the pan with the sausage and with bread and butter, while the water boiled for another cup of coffee. I was aware of all of this as if after the fact: if I killed a buck today then this meticulous cooking and eating and washing of utensils was going to have been a ceremony of preparation, part of a morality play. In everything that I was doing now that I was alone, I was projecting dramatic irony on a non-existent audience that was supposed to know something I did not. Before I left I went around and shook the remaining crisp snow off the tent fly and tightened the lines. Some of the knots I could not simply adjust but had to retie; to loosen those, I had to kneel in the brush and sack them in my mouth.

The snow that had fallen during the night was grainy and hard, less than an inch deep. What was falling now was softer and quieter underfoot. I went around the knoll and along the pond to the trail and followed it north for a mile and still did not see a track. There was a crossing place between two high hills, narrowed by a pond on one side and an open marsh on the other. We had always seen tracks or moved deer through here, and it was my plan to take a position on a bluff overlooking two runways and be motionless for an hour. No deer had passed yet this morning.

At 11 o'clock I moved around the north side of the marsh. There was a strong wind to mask sound, and the snow was

continued

falling steadily. The conditions were perfect for moving quietly and for judging the age of a hoofprint. I proceeded through a defile between the hill to the north and a wooded ridge. Once through the notch I found a solitary track.

I reversed and followed it diagonally up, then straight up the hill. The prints had been made in the old snow and some of the new and had partially filled since. They were not more than an hour or two old. Unhurriedly the deer had found the best-covered way up the steep and rough hillside. I was sure it was a buck, although the prints were not extremely large. Actually the largest prints are as likely to be those of older females, and the important evidence was that he was alone and seeking the highest country in the morning. I knew that I was reversing the theory whereby deer come down to hide in the swamps during the day and climb the hills to feed at night. Now that I was hunting alone, without obligations to other hunters, I was learning from scratch and making my own theories. He was also traveling later than I had been led to think was normal, but if I were still hunting tomorrow, I would assume the deer would still be moving at noon.

He was placing each hind foot exactly in the print of the fore. From the track you could not tell whether he paused often or how fast he progressed. I assumed that he was bedded down just above me, so that every step I took was liable to frighten him. I had everything to lose by hurrying and nothing to gain. I moved only when the wind swept the hill.

High on the hill he had turned—his step had shortened and wandered. There were hardwood shoots and he had browsed, getting ready to lie down. Then his track suddenly vanished and I imagined him hearing or scenting me. But he had only leaped a small trench. He had slowed again and walked more or less indecisively into a stand of young hemlocks. It was certain to be his bedding place.

Within the hemlock cover less snow had reached the ground. The leaves that had blown under the hemlocks from the surrounding hardwood slopes were curled up and crisp and the wind was quieter. I moved in slowly, on hands and knees at times to avoid breaking a twig, searching for him under the boughs for a long time before each short step.

There was a boulder. The hoofprints went tightly around it out of sight. The boulder might be his shelter and might have hidden me from his sight and hearing as it might now hide him from me. I thought for 15 minutes how to move next. Finally I could make out his track again beyond. Oh, his bed. Empty. There were no more flakes of new snow on the small body-and-leg-formed oval of gray ice than there were in my bootprints. At three o'clock that afternoon I turned back toward camp.

The next morning I followed the deer again, at first not intending to, but giving in to the perverse desire and persisting even though the small explosions in leaves and snow of his running did not slacken for three-quarters of a mile. He was headed northwest toward the sanctuary of Bay Pond Park. The pattern of the day before repeated itself. He walked for another mile, crossed a brook, climbed the flank of a mountain. Soon after he slowed and fed. He lay down, his body behind a log, his head turned to watch where I would come in his footsteps. His hooves had stabbed through

the ice that had formed under him, beside his compact knee prints. I had spent the day doing something I could not do well enough under the conditions and now had so far to travel that I would have to move very fast.

The most direct route back to the tent was southwest of the country I knew. I crossed three linked hilltops running east to catch the north-south carry trail before dark. I found slopes where the feeding that morning had been intense. I found places where deer had been bedded and then had run off at my approach. When it was almost dark and I was still more than half a mile from the trail, I passed through a hardwood opening beneath a bluff of granite and between two broad descending gashes of dark timber where the deer had filed and circled and woven their tracks until the snow was a hound's-tooth fabric laid out under bare black trees.

There was only the last day ahead. I promised myself to be here, on that bluff, furiously disciplined and immobile.

It was going to be colder. That was palpable already. I could certainly not walk up on a deer tomorrow if I couldn't today. One tactic remained to the solitary hunter: to be in a good place and not move. Not just at twilight but all morning. All day if necessary, forgetting the matter of breaking camp and getting out to the truck. And forgetting that the only thing that makes life possible when you are in the woods at 10° or 15° temperatures is motion.

In the dense hemlocks along the shore of the pond, a twig drove into the back of my left eye. It came out as I recoiled in alarm. The sound it made both ways of liquids and suction. I saw something like tracer fire, horizontal lightning, and I clapped a hand to my face and held still, facing the possible seriousness. I removed my hand and forced the eye open against the reflex pain caused, with the flashlight shining down on the ground. I could see light, and let the eye close. I wetted a bare finger with the liquid on the lid and looked at it. Clear. All right.

In the tent while cooking supper I made three sandwiches and repacked the small pack, intending to have no hot breakfast since it would consume time when I should be away early watching on that bluff 2½ miles away. I slept in thermals and woollens with socks on. Again I slept profoundly, even overslept. But it was still dark when I stuffed the sleeping bag into the daypack, thinking that if I had to get inside it to stand the cold and keep still for four, five, six hours, I would.

I wanted to reach the place from above and so had to guess where it was on the map and follow a new route. Much of the hill was swathed in thick hemlock cover and I could not see how the hilltop lay. Before full light I found a bluff that looked right with an amphitheater of open hardwood below. I sat there an hour as the light grew, becoming gradually surer I was in the wrong place. Finally I rose and climbed down. It was 7:30.

From the map it was possible there was another bluff below, the two of them like giant steps. I explored, checked compass bearings, remembered how the promontory of granite had pushed me off my southeasterly course last night. I had had to face west then. This faced southwest. I went through a dark thicket to my right and slowly approached another brink, facing west.

continued

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Winter Deer Hunt continued

Below me I could see a quadrant of mixed beeches, birches, maples and cherries falling away to a steeper drop and bordered by diverging runs of evergreens. The snow under the bare trees glowed bluish, and the trees were thick enough so that I could see only thin contrasting strips of light between them. I studied the scene for motion.

The face of the bluff was worn round and gradually grew steeper as I advanced out on it. There were ice and snow on the granite and I stepped on clumps of moss for traction. A little below me, down the curve of the face, there was a small spruce growing out of a crevice, and above it enough soil had gathered to level the surface slightly and support blueberry bushes. I wanted to sit there behind that spruce. There was no motion in the field of view for five minutes. I bent and reached down with one boot.

Way at the far edge of the opening, loudly crunching the brittle snow, deer were running. I counted five, flicking motions crossing the vertical lines in arcs, long white tails thrown up in signal—one, two, three, four, five, gone.

I sank in place where I was, utterly depressed, awed by their acuity, their mastery of danger.

It was eight o'clock. I held still, already cold but not pulling out the sleeping bag. Almost at once I heard a few unmistakable steps. They were from the left where I had no prospect of seeing. They ceased. There was no more sound for 15 minutes. Then there were more steps, loud, positive, then silence again despite complete effort of hearing combined with desperate imagination.

Once, half an hour later, the steps seemed to be climbing up to the left of the bluff, and after another acting stillness there were steps descending, and they were sharper as if jolting down, each one stopping the weight of the deer.

I remained motionless. All the sound ceased. An hour, not less, passed. On the basis of yesterday's inferences I assumed that the deer had fed a little and now had lain down. If nothing disturbed him—speaking as if he were certainly a buck, which I doubted because the other deer had run off and it is not like a buck to be the least wary—he would perhaps not move again until late afternoon. But I stayed where I was.

At just 10 o'clock, heavy footfalls broke the quiet. They were like the care-

less stampings of the most heedless of hunters. They came, it seemed, from right out in front of the rock face and were amazingly near, but I could see no motion. I almost rose in disgust to spot the intruder. Then there was the buck walking, almost idly. I made no further meditation upon hunting and did not study refinement in shooting. He was not 250 feet away. I hit what was presented, which was the head, and without elegance, after so much desiring, killed the deer. In the seconds afterward I asked if I ought to have waited to see if I could have shot otherwise—the heart or the neck. I had shot unthinkingly, in amazement and love and grief and, overjoyed and shamed, did not know the answer. The buck suddenly rose again and bounded haltingly. I had the back, behind the withers, and broke it to finish him quickly.

I met another hunter when nearing the tent. The heart and liver of the 10-pound, 200-pound deer were tied to the pack on my back. My arms and the cuffs of the thermals were red, the sleeves of my wool shirt rolled up. I had dragged the buck by his antlers at the rate of less than a mile in an hour and it was almost two o'clock. The hunter asked three different times if I was alone, looking straight in my eyes. He gave me the best of news, that the pond was open from the narrow back, and said if he was not already late getting to where he was to watch for a drive that his companions were making, he would help me drag the deer the rest of the way. I really did not want any help.

After three hours the flesh of the buck was still warm. With the ax I divided his sternum and pelvis. Then, in the atmosphere of sunshine inside the tent, I fixed a hot breakfast after all—sausage, eggs, coffee, a cigar. All the remaining work had a strength of necessity, a sense of just time enough to do it in—pack, load, paddle, unload and carry and load again. It was snowing hard now and the snow was driven almost horizontally over the pond, and the canoe with its crowned dead passenger pushed into the teeth of the blowing snow.

Only near the landing where the truck was, in the lee of the shore where the platform camps had been, was the water still. The snow was lighter here and the gray clouds were reflected in the water. The snowflakes fell down into this sky and disappeared.

END



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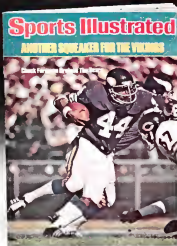
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A roundup of the week Dec. 27-Jan. 2



KEN EASLEY
COMPLAIN: 3-0

A quarterback/safety for Oscar Smith High, Easley, a 200-pound senior, passed for 1,666 yards, rushed for 833, threw for nine of his 11 TDs, kicked eight extra points and a field goal, made 39 interceptions and averaged 34 tackles a game.

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

Sir:

My compliments on the article *My Country, 'Tis of Thee* (Dec. 20-27). Bill Gilbert did an excellent job of describing the history of the environmental movement and its present status.

I must comment, however, on the implication that humanists and naturalists are somehow in conflict. I work for a group that is concerned with issues that are both humanistic and naturalistic, and we find them compatible. Cleaning the air not only improves public health, it also benefits wildlife and plant life. Protecting a wetland not only protects wildlife and scenery, it also provides flood control, pollution control, food, etc. In public health measures, we save the lives of our people, in the preservation of our environment, we guarantee the quality of the lives we save.

JOHN G. SORLETZER
Executive Director
East Michigan Environmental
Action Corp.
Troy, Mich.

Sir,

I commend your magazine for its well-founded concern for environmental problems. Bill Gilbert took a balanced position that allowed me to see both the strengths and the weaknesses in past environmental efforts. His comments and perspective on the history of the environmental movement were most enlightening. Most important was his discussion of the need for conservation and a changed life-style. I wonder if our society will be able to voluntarily adjust to a less consumptive existence without a major shock.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS ROGERS
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir:

Many thanks for the informative and stimulating discussion of the environment. I appreciate your dealing seriously with a serious problem.

AL COHEN
Pasadena

Sir:

Although it is true that a dwindling supply of natural resources will eventually force a change in our habits of resource consumption, many environmentalists choose to ignore the devastating effects that immediate and stringent conservation measures would have on our economy and on our personal liberties. For instance, many conveniently dismiss rising energy prices as a symptom of corporate greed while they simultaneously attempt to lock up those remaining energy resources that

are cheapest for the consumer. Others naively believe that economic freedom in the private sector can be reduced without causing a similar reduction in personal freedom. Too often, justifiable environmental concern is used as an excuse to force a crash solution without examining the difficulties posed by the remedy.

Take, for example, the energy crisis, which is a harbinger of the mineral and agricultural crises yet to come. Can American consumers bear the enormous costs associated with kicking the carbon fuel habit, especially when the much touted solutions of solar, geothermal and wind energy have so little promise of becoming economically competitive? And what is the environmental cost associated with covering large areas of the Southwest with a huge array of solar-energy collectors? Oddly enough, many environmentalists place more faith in technology than it deserves.

It is obvious that we cannot go on consuming and polluting at an accelerating rate without risking environmental disaster. However, the public has a choice between a policy of moderate consumption with a reduced economic growth rate and one of over reaction to environmental concerns with harsh economic consequences.

SCOTT BRIM
Billings, Mont.

Sir:

I was somewhat amazed that Bill Gilbert could leave out the important contributions through time, effort, and license and firearms sales that sport hunters have made to improve and protect the environment.

CHARLES J. FARMER
Marina del Rey, Calif.

Sir:

Bill Gilbert took on a formidable assignment in his overview of the environmental movement and did a first-rate job. We have circulated the article to the departments in this agency and are recommending that our environmental interns read it carefully.

In addition to Gilbert's fine piece, your readers may find helpful, as we do, two regular updates on the U.S. environmental scene. For a simplified yearly look at conservation, an "Environmental Quality Index" is published in the Feb.-March issue of *National Wildlife* magazine by the National Wildlife Federation. For a much more detailed and thorough report, *Environmental Quality* is published each year by the Council on Environmental Quality and is available at \$3.50. There are now seven of these reports, which can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Of-

fice, Washington, D.C. 20402. They form an excellent picture of how far we have come and where we are going environmentally in the U.S.

BRENDAN J. WHITTAKER
Vermont Agency of
Environmental Conservation
Montpelier, Vt.

THE CHAMPION

Sir:

Many thanks for the excellent journey through the magnificent years of Muhammad Ali (The Ali Years, Dec. 20-27). Never before has any sportsman so affected a populace, one way or another. I'm not sure what the future holds for the "people's champion," but whatever it is, I'm with him all the way.

PETE WALTER
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Your magazine transcends mere sports reporting. Images of Ali's past were masterfully evoked, especially in the passages by Mark Kram and George Plimpton. They show Ali to be not only a powerful and ingenious boxer, but also a man who, despite all his talents, is strangely vulnerable and very human. All in all, the article was a joyful reminder of the way Ali once fought and a sad reminder that, because of age and time, he no longer can.

DAVE MANION
Bordentown, N.J.

WALTON WATCHERS

Sir:

As a Blazer fan and a Bill Walton admirer, I was naturally pleased with Curry Kirkpatrick's fine article (*Healthy, Wealthy and Sure*, Dec. 13). After two years of reading and hearing the worst about Walton, it was a pleasure to finally read something relevant and intelligent about the man. If all goes well for Bill, Portland could replace Golden State as the king of the Pacific Division.

RANDY STEINBOCK
Kirkland, Wash.

Sir:

Bill Walton has once again shown that he can dominate every basketball game he plays in. Besides scoring, rebounding and blocking shots, Walton does many other things that do not show up in statistics. It all adds up to his being one of the best all-around players in the history of the sport. It's also refreshing to see Walton's attitude change.

BRIAN DOHERTY
Seattle

Sir:

Yes, Bill Walton has finally straightened himself out. But let's give a little credit to Portland.

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10TH HOLE continued

land Coach Jack Ramsay. One player can't make a team. Ramsay has also done one heck of a job

CLAUS P. LYONS
Hanson, W. Va.

Sir

One of your pictures of Bill Walton makes him look like a red-haired wolfman about to attack someone. All he needs is fangs.

STUART PASCAL
San Mateo, Calif.

Sir

Lon Chaney lives!

C. ALBON
Hartford, Conn.

Sir

You say, "Bill Walton has emerged as the best all-round basketball player in the world." That statement should have read "second-best all-round player." The best all-round player is in Los Angeles under the name of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

STAN WILSON
Dallas

KING AND KONG

Sir

In your article on Kentucky basketball (*The Karm-uck-er Jubilee*, Dec. 20-27) you say that "officials tend to raise their arms and blow their whistles whenever they see King (Rick Robey) or Kong (Mike Phillips) so much as breathe." After seeing these players in action, I can't help but feel that the officials' whistles are justified. It's sad to see a team excel by using force rather than talent. Is this the way Adolph Rupp taught the game? Certainly not. If these two players don't make it into professional basketball, I suggest they explore the heavyweight division of boxing.

JEFFREY CAMM
New York City

BIRMINGHAM'S TEAM

Sir

Thank you for the article on the Bulls hockey team (*Bulldoz Times in Birmingham*, Dec. 13). The instigating fan support for this "funny new game" merely proves that the great city of Birmingham is ready, and has been ready, for sound professional sports.

ESTON BRADLEY
Montevallo, Ala.

Sir

This city is definitely bullish on the Bulls and on hockey. As for players, Defenseman Jean-Guy Lapace has been superb. He is a welcome addition to the WHA.

WILLIAM M. FORD
Birmingham

DRAG RACER

Sir

Being an avid drag racing fan from Ohio (where you're born with a gearshift in hand), I was very pleased to see the article on Don (the Snake) Prudhomme in your magazine (*This Snake Doesn't Rat, He Rolls*, Dec. 6). You have portrayed drag racing, a sport hidden for years by its grime and leath-

ers, the way it really is, as fun and speed. Prudhomme is the crmer of racing wherever he goes, and 240 mph is going. You can have your Tony Dorsetts and Franco Harris. I'll take a seat in the stands at a drag strip and watch a Fuel Coupe (Fanny Carl) over any football game.

JIM DILONE
Brighton, Mass.

Sir

As an avid fan of all motor sports my hat goes off to Bruce Newman. Never have I read such an enthralling story about a man and his sport.

CRAB BROOKS
Manhattan, Kans.

Sir

In the article on Don Prudhomme, "TV Tommy" Ivo was quoted as saying, "A lot of [Prudhomme's] success is a result of his sponsors. Unfortunately, drag racing is now at a point where speed costs money."

Does Ivo think Prudhomme just started off with all the big sponsors he now has? No way. Hard work and winning came before the big-time sponsors.

BLURNE FORBES
Granada Hills, Calif.

Sir

Your article was interesting but also disappointing when it came to Tommy Ivo's outrageous comments about Don Prudhomme. Prudhomme is drag racing's most successful personality, a man who is highly competitive on the track and among the most outgoing off it.

TIM HAWTHORNE
Granada Hills, Calif.

ALBUQUERQUE PRODUCTS

Sir

Isn't it amazing that the most prolific scorer in NCAA basketball history (Prolet Pete Maravich) and the most prolific runner in NCAA football history (Tony Dorsett) come from Albuquerque, Pa.? Has anyone checked the baseball stats?

ART SHIRLEY
New Orleans

MORE FROM NORTHERN LOUISIANA

Sir

As long as readers (Nov. 29) are mentioning pro football players from northern Louisiana, why leave out Joe Ferguson of Shawnee, an adept quarterback in his own right? Other players from this area include Billy Joe DuPree of West Monroe, Joe Profit and Don Zimmerman of Monroe and Pat Valley and Fred Dean of Rayne, not to mention more than 100 professional players who have come from Gratham.

JOHN MURAHAN
Monroe, La.

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